

Wrongful Convictions

Olympic Controversy

Rebranding Canada

Plus:
Our Annual
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Guide

CANADA'S

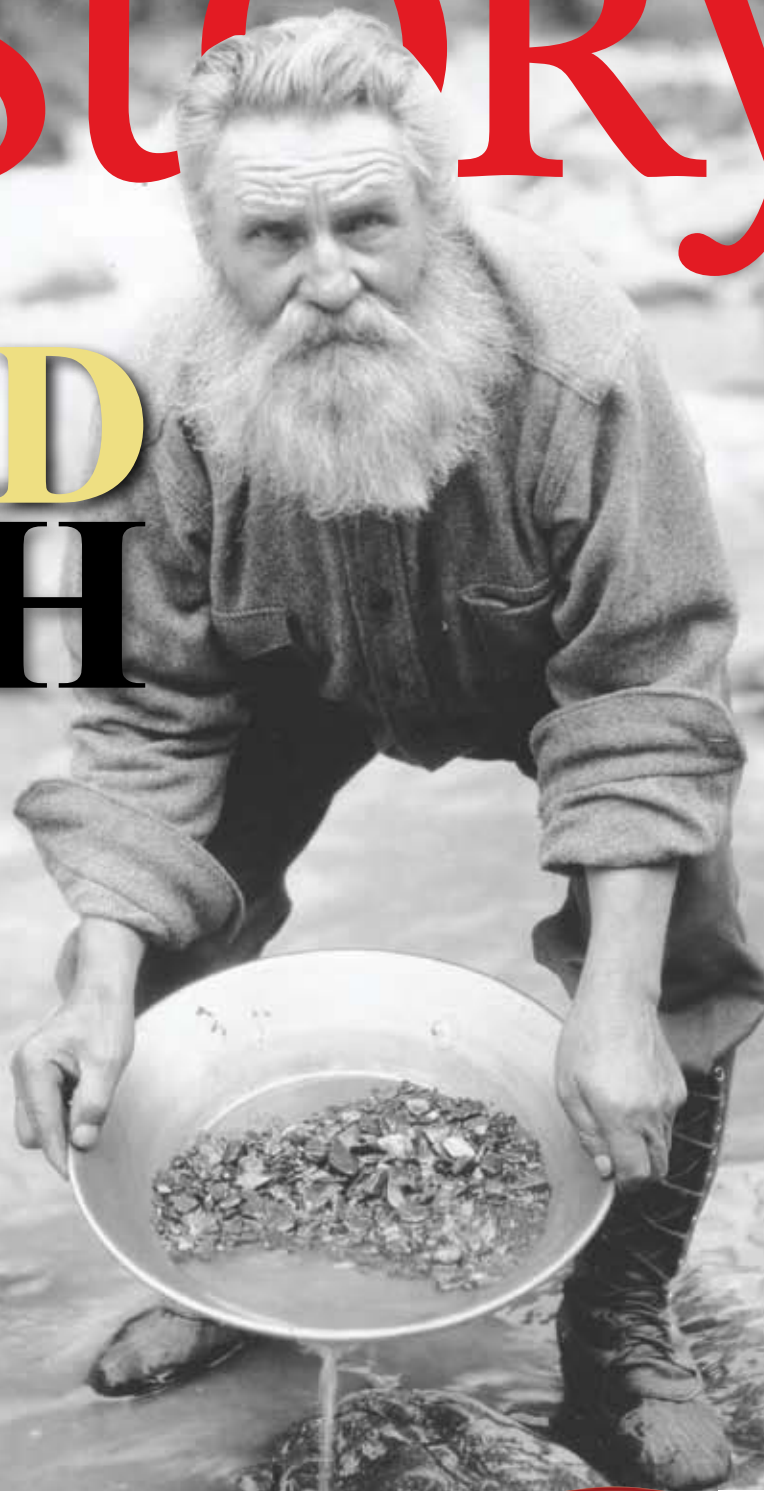
HISTORY

FORMERLY THE BEAVER

GOLD RUSH

Klondike fever still haunts
the streets of Dawson City.

by Charlotte Gray



+ Henry Hudson's final voyage.



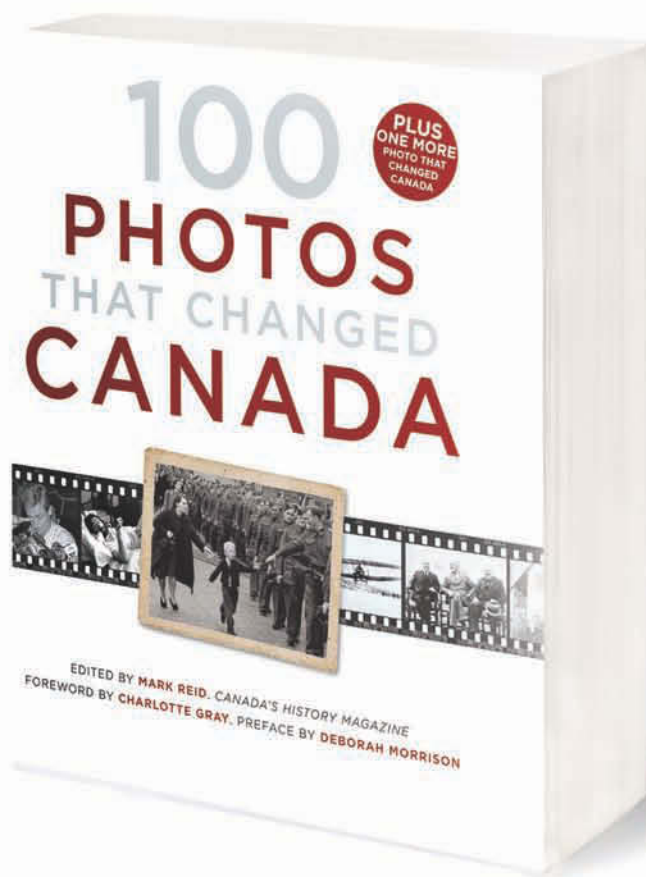
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CANADA'S
HISTORY

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The fever of the Klondike gold rush has long passed. But the legacy of those wild-eyed fortune seekers still lives large in the land of the midnight sun. *by Charlotte Gray*

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Moose and Mounties were not enough to attract Depression-era tourists. Clearly it was time to rebrand Canada. *By Philip Goldring*

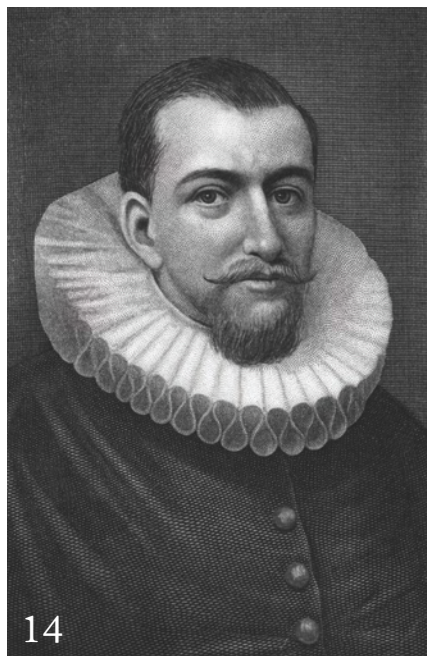


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Today, the wrongfully convicted can win their freedom and compensation. But when the death penalty was still in place, no one at the gallows got a second chance. *By Ray Argyle*

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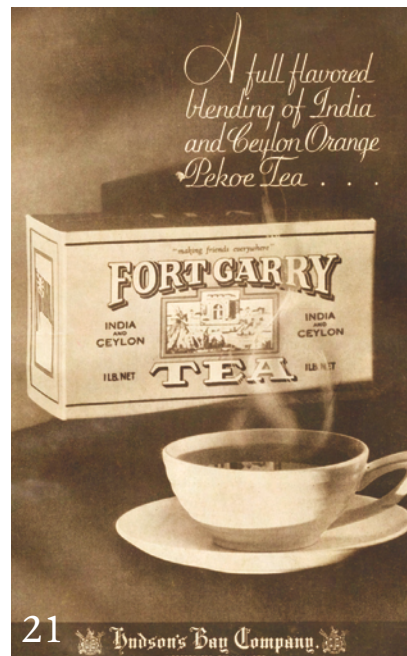
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Canada

When gold takes hold

I recently found myself sitting in the lobby of a local walk-in clinic, waiting to see one of the frazzled doctors who were labouring their way through the crowd of coughing and sneezing patients surrounding me.

To pass the time, I flipped through a stack of old magazines strewn across a nearby end table.

I came across a story from 1994 that caught my eye. It was a fascinating tale of a man in his late sixties who had, for more than thirty years, made his living by sifting for nuggets at a series of abandoned gold claims in Nova Scotia.

The mines were located in the Rawdon Hills, a relatively remote area of the province north of Halifax, between Truro and the Annapolis Valley. I have driven the old road through the Rawdon Hills many times; it's an idyllic landscape of rolling green farm fields, bound together by a bumpy two-lane rural road. Sometimes, as I drove through, I would hum the old Stan Rogers song about the gold mining that had once occurred there:

*"Eighty years has been and gone
since there was colour in the hole,
And the care-worn shades of the hard-rock men
surround the old Cope lode;
And through the tiny hillside farms,
the miner's tales grow old,
The Rawdon Hills once were touched by gold."*

The magazine article described how the old miner still used nineteenth-century technology to squeeze gold out of the ground, long after the mines had been abandoned. It was lonely, dirty work — but he made a pretty tidy living at it.

In this issue, award-winning author and historian Charlotte

Gray brings us the story of Dawson City — the epicentre of the Klondike gold rush, where, as Robert Service so vividly wrote, *"There are strange things done in the midnight sun/by the men who moil for gold."*

Most of us have never been to Dawson City; living our lives hunkered down in southern cities and towns along the Canada-U.S. border, the Yukon is just too far away to visit with any level of convenience. But we all have an image of it. In our mind's eye, Dawson City is eternally fixed in 1898. Its muddy, crowded streets are filled with grizzled miners, dance hall girls, shopkeepers and sourdoughs, and the town throbs with the sweaty desire of striking the motherlode.

Gray, who spent several months in the Yukon community researching her new book, *Gold Diggers: Striking It Rich in the Klondike*, reveals a different Dawson City in her story "After the Gold Rush."

It's a fascinating tale of a town that exists somewhere between past and present, forever bound and defined by its history.

So grab your picks and pans, and join Gray as she heads to the Klondike to glean the legacy of our greatest gold rush.

Mark Neil



MARIANNE HELM

Contributors



Ray Argyle, author of "Reasonable Doubts," is finishing a historical novel based on the case of Cook Teets, a blind man who may

have been wrongly hanged for murder. Argyle has been a frequent contributor to *Canada's History* and is the author of several books. His most recent book is *The Boy in the Picture*, which tells the story of the boy seen in the famous photo of the driving of the last spike of the CPR. Argyle, who was raised in B.C., now lives in Kingston, Ontario.



Charlotte Gray's article "After the Gold Rush" is a reflection on the time she spent living in the Yukon to research

her latest book, *Gold Diggers: Striking It Rich In The Klondike*, which was published in September by HarperCollins Canada. Gray is currently the chair of Canada's History Society and is the author of eight bestsellers. A winner of the Society's Pierre Berton Award, she is an adjunct research professor at Carleton University. Gray lives in Ottawa.



Philip Goldring, who wrote about a Depression-era effort to change the image of Canada in "Inventing a 'Friendly Neighbor,'" is a consultant historian based in Ottawa. He studied Imperial history at Dalhousie and at the University of London, where he obtained a Ph.D in 1978. Goldring has written widely on Arctic Canada and the pre-Confederation West. His articles have appeared in *The Beaver*. He is a member of the Geographical Names Board of Canada.



A consuming interest in sports history prompted Ron Hotchkiss to write "Crossing the Line." A retired high school history teacher, Hotchkiss is the author of *The Matchless Six: The Story of Canada's First Women's Olympic Team*, which is about the six women who competed at the Amsterdam Olympics in 1928. Hotchkiss is working on a book about Vancouver's Asahi baseball team. He lives in Elginburg, Ontario.

Saluting the Navy



I enjoyed reading the articles on the Canadian Navy [Canada's Navy, October-November 2010]. You included the vessels that participated in the Battle of the Atlantic; however, you neglected to show the minesweepers.

I was a petty officer on the HMCS Sarnia (J309). We had a crew of seventy-five officers and men. We swept mines off Halifax Harbour and St. John's Newfoundland.

The German Navy had submarines that could carry forty-five mines and they seeded them in the St. Lawrence estuary and around the approaches of Halifax Harbour and St. John's Harbour in Newfoundland. Our ship swept up fifteen mines off St. John's.

Sweeping these mines was a very dangerous operation. The tension on the ship was unbearable; some of the officers and sailors had to be relieved of duty because of nervous exhaustion. The Allies finally found a solution and wound cables around the ship's hull to neutralize the magnetism.

Later in the war, they included an electrical circuit buried in the hull of the warships and the other vessels.

LIAM DWYER
GRAVENHURST, ONTARIO

Rough seas for navy

I am an ex-naval officer and aviator. I served aboard and flew from HMCS *Magnificent* as well as shore stations and was on staff at naval headquarters at the Department of National Defence.

A comment on Mr. Granatstein's "The Revolt of the Admirals" [October-November 2010].

As it happens, I was on staff at NDHQ in Ottawa when "unification" became what turned out to be, in my view and that of many others, the cancer that continues to affect Canada's military establishment today. After I had left the service — urged to do so by the close-up view I had had while at DND of the vile political self-interest indulged in around "unification" by some members of both the military and the bureaucracy — I became part of a group of retired military types whose self-appointed task it was to ensure that Canadians were aware of the perilous consequences of Paul Hellyer's ambitions.

The prime minister, Lester Pearson, encouraged his minister of defence, Hellyer, to pursue the matter — in my view — simply because he (Pearson) believed such a move might put him in line for a second Nobel Peace Prize nomination. Hellyer pursued the matter because he believed success would help him in his bid to succeed Pearson as prime minister.

It seemed that neither had objectives other than personal advantage and well-being in mind. They were joined similarly by many other individuals, military and bureaucratic, who made decisions or who backed proposals which, while clearly fanciful or clearly downright structured for political advantage, gave them their "there must be something in it for me" support.

As a Canadian — and now a grandfather — I will always be deeply grateful to individuals like Admiral Landymore, whose courage and integrity made a very painful time slightly more bearable

for many. Paradoxically, I am equally grateful to some who stayed on in those exceptionally difficult times attempting to steer the navy through treacherous waters. One such man was Admiral (then Commodore) "Scruffy" O'Brien, to whom I reported while at naval headquarters. O'Brien survived to see the service he loved pretty much back to its pre-"unification" condition before he retired.

JAKE McLAUGHLIN
VIA EMAIL

Powerful prose

I would like to thank Danielle Conolly for her article on Manitoba Hydro. My father and many of his friends worked for them, putting in new lines and fixing all sorts of problems in some nasty conditions.

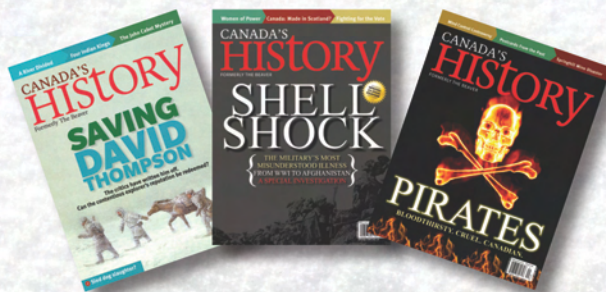
The general public tends to forget about electrical linemen until their power goes out. Electrical linemen have to be at accidents where a pole is taken out, face

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hostile homeowners whose power is to be cut off for non-payment, and turn off air-raid sirens (my dad was the school hero for that one).

So next time you see a bucket truck, thank a lineman.

TRACY SUPPES
CALGARY

What's in a name?

I am glad that author and genealogist Michael O'Laughlin has brought clarity to the prefix Mc, Mac, or M' [Roots, August-September 2010]. He concluded from the evidence that there is no difference.

If I asked a Mac just why he was not a Mc, he/she would say that the Mc(s) were the sheep stealers. I would get the opposite answer if I asked a Mc the opposite question.

My father came from England, and I was named after the top English ten-

nis player Fred Perry, who was famous around 1935. I considered my surname Perry an exclusively English name, until I met a Scottish family who claimed it as Scottish.

I won't lose sheep over it.

FRED PERRY
SURREY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Errata

[*Cape Tormentine* is in New Brunswick. Incorrect information appeared in the October-November edition of *Brush Strokes*. Photographer Andrzej Maciejewski shot the image of the Allan Memorial Institute photo found on page 30 of August-September 2010 issue.]

Canada's History welcomes reader's comments. Email us at editors@historysociety.ca or write to Canada's History, 515 Bryce Hall, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, Canada, R3B 2E9. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

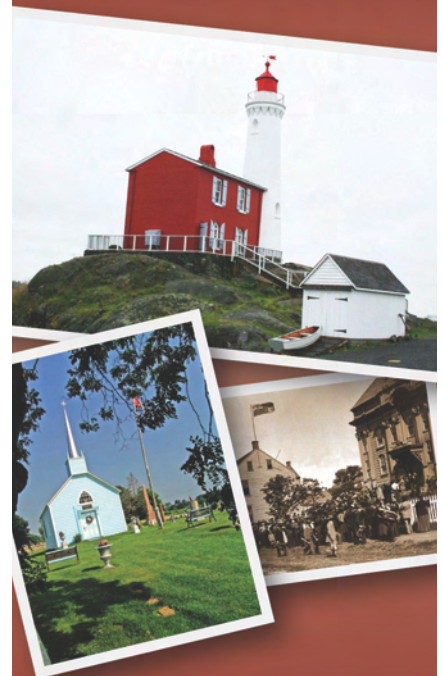
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OUR HOME & NATIVE



Goalie mask

The story of NHL goaltender Jacques Plante having his face split open by a puck and returning to the game wearing a protective mask is legendary, but Bill Burchmore, the man behind the piece of fibreglass that revolutionized hockey, is less recognized.

Burchmore, who worked for Fiberglass Canada, watched Plante make a save with his forehead in 1958, and the image of a dazed, bleeding Plante remained with him the next day. Staring at a mannequin head, he was inspired to experiment with fibreglass cloth and polyester resin.

Plante had worn other masks in practice and initially resisted Burchmore's idea, but agreed to try it at the urging of the Montreal Canadiens' medical staff. During the summer of 1959, Burchmore made a plaster mould of Plante's face. He then layered sheets of resin-soaked fibreglass cloth on the mould. The result was lightweight, virtually unbreakable, and only three millimetres thick.

Plante first wore the mask in an NHL game on November 1, 1959. Throughout the 1960s, as more goalies followed his lead, the mask changed the way the game was played. Goalies no longer had to remain upright and could drop to the ice without fear of facial injury. —Neil Babaluk

HIDDEN HERITAGE

Holy Cross Church

Skatin First Nation, British Columbia
Douglas, Skatin, and Samahquam Bands, 1895 to 1906

An arduous drive along fifty kilometres of forestry road south of Pemberton in the Cascade Mountains of British Columbia will lead the adventurous to the Skatin First Nation at Skookumchuck (fast-moving water) and the Church of the Holy Cross. Many of the families living on the Skatin Reserve are related to the people who built the church that is believed to have been constructed between 1895 and 1906.



The residents are the proud custodians of this National Historic Site, one of Canada's most impressive and least known architectural treasures. They have vivid childhood memories in which the Gothic revival church plays a significant role.

Alongside the complicated history of organized religion's role in the attempted erasure of First Nations people from British Columbia, there are stories of Skatin children climbing into the rafters of Holy Cross during games of hide-and-seek with their mothers. Skatin catechists conducted religious services, since the missionaries came to the area only annually.

The church's interior shows the influence of artisans who decorated the building's walls with boards in the shape of the bottom of a woven basket. The Ama Liisa's Heritage Trust Society is restoring this beautiful church and recently installed a concrete foundation. Plans are afoot to stabilize the triple western towers — an ornate feature related to other churches in the region that are no longer standing.

— Barry Magrill

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

TAKE THE DAY OFF



December 6

To commemorate the opening in 1967 of Montreal's Underground City, the world's largest underground walkway system. Take shelter.



December 15

To remember Doukhobor leader Peter Verigin, who in 1902 arrived in Canada from exile in Siberia. The following year, his writings inspired nude protests near Yorkton, Saskatchewan. Make yourself at home.



BY THE NUMBERS

Rotary Canada/ International



E. Leslie Pidgeon

The first Rotary club was founded in Chicago in 1905, and the first Canadian Rotary club, in Winnipeg in 1910, transformed Rotary into an international organization. Its motto is "Service Above Self" and club members volunteer to combat hunger, improve health and sanitation, provide education and job training, promote peace, and eradicate polio worldwide. The 2010 centennial of Rotary in Canada was celebrated at the Rotary International convention in Montreal and with a Canada Post commemorative stamp.

35 Charter number of the Winnipeg Rotary Club. Although formed November 3, 1910, it was not officially chartered until April 13, 1912.

81 Number of Winnipeg Rotary Club members in March 1914.

1917 Year the first Canadian — Reverend E. Leslie Pidgeon of the Winnipeg club — served as president of Rotary International.

5 Canadians who have served as president of Rotary International.

1919 Year many Winnipeg delegates were unable to attend the annual Rotary convention due to the Winnipeg General Strike.

26,815 Members of Canadian Rotary clubs as of January 2010.

2,099,079 Dollar amount contributed by Canadian Rotarians to Rotary International's challenge for polio eradication.

— Compiled by Amanda Hope and Beverley Tallon

LAUGH LINES

Lampooning Laurier

The 1917 federal election involved a bitter fight over the issue of conscription. Voluntary enlistment could no longer keep up with heavy First World War losses incurred in battles such as Vimy Ridge. Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier, along with many Quebecers, opposed conscription.

The Edison Quartette was at the time a popular minstrel-barbershop quartette. This cartoon, published just before the election, shows a German arm-in-arm with a goose-stepping and wildly enthusiastic Laurier, as they celebrate the decision of Trotsky and Lenin to withdraw Russia from the war. The loss of Russia from the Allied side greatly increased the chances of a German victory.

Cartoonist Charles Forrester attempted to draw a parallel between Russia's withdrawal from the war and Laurier's opposition to conscription, and unfairly discredits Laurier by associating him with a pro-German and pro-Bolshevist stance.

— Charles Hou



This cartoon by Charles Forrester appeared in the December 5, 1917, edition of the *Calgary Eye Opener*.

January 3

To observe the day in 1786 when the first assembly of the New Brunswick Legislature opened in Saint John. Lay down the law.



January 22

To celebrate the Quebec Assembly's vote in 1893 to declare beer of four per cent alcohol or less a "temperance drink." Know your limits.

January 23

To mark the discovery of natural gas near Kingsville, Ontario, in 1888. Canada's first natural gas well was drilled there in 1889. Light up your life.





Victoria Bay store reborn

Modern homes wrapped in history. Those five words neatly sum up the new look and purpose of the old Hudson's Bay Company store in Victoria. Yet they merely hint at the building's transformation over the last four years at a cost of \$80 million.

Once a magnificent structure supported by grand columns in the Georgian style, the building was showing its eighty-two years when the Hudson's Bay Company moved out in 2003.

The exterior's ornate terracotta tiles were dirty and stained. Some had cracked. Others had fallen off. The old mortar holding them together was brittle. Along the rooftop, the sheet-metal parapet was failing.

When Vancouver's Townline Group of Companies purchased the heritage building in 2006 with plans to turn it into residential condominiums, its work was more than cut out.

Victoria's senior heritage planner Steve Barber said at the building's re-opening in September that he was impressed by the company's tenacity and "willingness to do it right" given the technical challenges.

"The restoration of historic elements of the exterior has really been done exceptionally well," Barber said. "Our goals were to see the building put to new use and retain important heritage — the exterior facade preserved, the original wood windows preserved. They've done all that."

In the process, Townline's historical consultant Ken Johnson uncovered a few secrets from the old Bay. For instance, when he had the broken tiles removed, Johnson found that the backs of some tiles still bore the fingerprints of Chicago workers who made them in the early 1900s.

Inside the new building, now dubbed The Hudson, vestiges of the old department store remain visible: Over-height ceilings in many of the 152 new condominium units reveal original masonry; a chandelier in the entranceway is a reinvention of old lamps; and balustrades from old stairwells reinforce the heritage aesthetic in some condos.

Of course, much of the original building is gone or has been transformed. For instance, a quiet courtyard occupies the space where escalators once sped shoppers to the building's upper floors.

In *The Beaver's* October 1921 edition, just after the store's original opening, then associate editor A.S. Woollard wrote: "Architecturally, the new store is an edifice of splendid design and execution." Fortunately, the same can be said today regarding the restored building.

— Suzanne Morphet

LIVING HISTORY

Remembering Billy

Film traces black pioneer's life

The new movie *Billy*, which records the experiences of one of the first documented black settlers in Manitoba, had its debut screening this fall. A near-to-final version was shown in September at Winnipeg's Park Theatre, as the film's producers continued their editing work.

Billy is a poignant tribute to a man named Billy Beal, who immigrated to Canada at the turn of the last century. He was born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, in 1874, and his family later moved to Minneapolis.

In 1906, Beal left to work as a sawmill steam engineer in Manitoba's Swan River Valley. He liked the area and stayed to homestead.

The film's director, co-writer, and co-producer Winston Washington Moxam notes that "Billy was a bad farmer. But he gave a lot to the community and loved the area."

A multi-talented individual, Beal made the first radio and electric fences in the district, plus furniture, toys, and his own telescope. He even assisted the area doctor during various epidemics.

While the real Billy Beal remained a bachelor all his life, his film character — played by actor, co-writer, and co-producer Ernesto Griffith — marries a Caucasian woman who dies of typhoid while pregnant with their first child. Artistic licence aside, the film portrays the racism and loneliness Beal must sometimes have felt.

Having emigrated from England to Brandon, Manitoba, Griffith says his own situation parallels Beal's move a century ago, to a place "where there were very few black people living at the time." When Griffith learned about Beal he decided that he wanted to document the story.

Beal's community activities included helping to form the Big Woody School District in 1912 and becoming its first secretary-treasurer — a position he held for thirty-seven years. He was involved in the district's cultural and artistic pursuits and attended the local church.

Beal also owned the first camera in the region. "Billy archived pioneer history in the Swan River Valley through his photographs — the suffragettes, farmers in their fields, people in their living rooms, schoolchildren," Griffith said. "He

REBECCA SANDOLAK



archived Manitoba history, and not a lot of people have seen the photos.”

Griffith regrets that they were unable to obtain permission to use Beal’s images in the film. “We had no choice but to use alternative photos,” he said.

Beal died in 1968. In the film version of his life, a journalist visits Beal’s retirement home in The Pas. Their liaison is integral to the film’s fabric, as the aged Beal’s remembrances also become the reporter’s journey.

Moxam and Griffith’s film project has been four years in the making, with the major obstacle related to funding. But the final version should be completed soon.

“There was a man named Billy Beal,” Griffith said. “We hope the movie will open up discussion and people will find out more information themselves about him.”

— **Beverley Tallon**

Ernesto Griffith plays Billy Beal in a new film about the Manitoba settler and photographer.



EMILIE PELLETIER



Marking hallowed ground

Montreal’s Chinese community gathered in Mount Royal Cemetery this September to pay tribute to their forebears who helped open the cemetery to non-Protestant burials.

The cemetery’s Chinese burial site, which was established in 1903, was this year declared a historical site by the Friends of the Mount Royal Cemetery. Commemorative bronze plaques with inscriptions in Chinese, English, and French have been placed beside the altar at the base of a monument to the Chinese men who settled in Montreal after the Canadian Pacific Railway was built.

“The Chinese community is successful thanks to the hard work of these men,” said Bryant Chang, a representative of the Chinese Association of Mon-



A ceremony marks the historical designation of the Chinese burial site in Montreal’s Mount Royal Cemetery.

teal, the organization that looks after the Chinese cemetery.

The Chinese were the first non-Protestant group to ask the trustees of Mount Royal Cemetery to accept their traditional burial rites, and in doing so they led the way for other ethnic groups who eventually chose the cemetery as their final resting place.

At the ceremony held September 25 under a cloudy sky, offerings of food were made to the spirits of the ancestors while leaders of Montreal’s oldest Tong associations paid their respects by bowing three times before the monument. Firecrackers and a lion dance were part of the celebration.

The Friends of the Mount Royal Cemetery is a charitable organization that works to promote and preserve the historic cemetery, which was founded in 1852. The Chinese cemetery is the twentieth site to receive a historical designation from the Friends of the Mount Royal Cemetery and will now be included in the group’s brochures and weekly walking tours.

— **Day’s Lee**

The Journeys of Henry Hudson

Four centuries ago, the English explorer sailed into the ice-filled waters of Hudson Bay — and met a tragic end.

Hudson makes another attempt, sailing across the top of Russia, but is forced to turn back at Novaya Zemlya because of ice. The Muscovy Company loses interest in the project.



Seventeenth-century London.



Pre- 1607

Little is known of Henry Hudson's early life. He may have been born in London to a family with nautical connections. He is thought to have started his life at sea as a cabin boy, gradually working his way up to captain. He had a wife and three sons.

1607

The Muscovy Company of England — which is looking for a shortcut to the riches of the Orient — hires Hudson to find a northeast passage to Asia. He sails to the east coast of Greenland, then heads north until he is stopped by ice in the Svalbard Archipelago, which later becomes a prime whaling area.

1608





Hudson is hired by the Dutch East India Company. He again tries to cross the top of Russia, but finds the way impenetrable. He then sails across the Atlantic and travels south from Nova Scotia. On September 11, he enters the Hudson River at what is now New York City. The following day he travels downriver, establishing Dutch claims to the region.

1609

1610

1611



An English syndicate hires Hudson to find a northwest route to the Orient. He sails the *Discovery* into what is today called Hudson Bay on August 2. Perhaps believing he has found a clear ocean passage to China, he spends the next several months sailing south and west along the coast, then criss-crosses James Bay. In November, the ship gets trapped in ice.

After the ice breaks up in the spring, Hudson continues exploring. But the crew, wanting to go home, mutinies and sets Hudson, his son, and several sick crewmen adrift in a small boat. They are never seen again. The *Discovery* makes it back to England, where surviving crew members are acquitted of charges of murder.

Access denied

Unfortunately for historians, some of Canada's secrets never get old.

Ask historians of Canada what their favourite number is and the answer is likely to be ninety — especially if they're in Ottawa.

That's because in the numerological system that governs this country's national archives, ninety means a given collection is open for consultation. You have only to order it and, short of the delivery truck breaking down on its way from the Gatineau warehouse to the Wellington Street reading room, you'll be moiling for historical gold in no time.

But pity the poor sods whose interests lead them to collections otherwise designated. Drawing eighteens or thirty-twos gives you a weak historical hand: Those numbers mean access is restricted. Analysts in the Access to Information and Privacy division of Library and Archives Canada (LAC) have to review the files to decide if and what you can see, applying the Access to Information Act.

Because the review process can take a good deal of time, some of us fold in the face of eighteens and thirty-twos, choosing to use only what's already available or shifting the focus of our inquiries, researching topics where access isn't an issue.

But as Kenny Rogers says, "You gotta know when to hold 'em" as well as when to fold 'em. Jim Bronskill is just that kind of gambler. A journalist specializing in security and intelligence issues, Bronskill filed for access to the RCMP files on former Saskatchewan Premier Tommy Douglas (1904–1986). After a delay of over a year, 1,142 pages of material landed on his desk in December 2006.

And what a riveting story they told: The Mounties tailed the former Baptist minister well into the 1970s, going to his speeches, listening in on his conversations, collecting his writings, and keeping track of his associates, especially the peaceniks and pinkos. In

the eyes of the Cold War state, members of Canada's peace movement, as well as the Communist Party, were potential subversives. Douglas wasn't the only public figure to fall under the RCMP's encompassing gaze: Fellow traveller Dr. Norman Bethune got lots of attention, as did former prime ministers John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson.

As interesting as this was, even more tantalizing were all those black lines that dec-

Authorities once considered NDP Leader Tommy Douglas a national security threat.



olated the pages. About a third of the material Bronskill got was blacked out for reasons of national security and privacy. Hundreds of other pages, some dating to the 1930s, remain completely off limits. Bronskill tried to find out what he hadn't been allowed to see and appealed LAC's decision to withhold parts of the Douglas file to Canada's information commissioner. When that proved unsuccessful, he sued the federal government in the fall of 2009, asking the court to order the release of the records.

One of the more surprising things to emerge during the subsequent Federal Court hearing in the spring of 2010 is the involvement of the Canadian Security Intelligence Service (CSIS). It seems Canada's spy agency takes an active interest in history. Its interventions, as much as those of Library and Archives Canada, influence how and what we know of our past.

Although LAC holds RCMP material, as it does the historical records of all federal departments and agencies, intelligence files are subject to extra oversight. They might have sent some of their old files to Wellington Street, giving them a good scrub first, but the spymasters still play a role in determining who can see them. After Bronskill made his request, LAC sent the Douglas file back to the spy agency, where their access to information analysts made recommendations for redaction before returning it to the archives. At that point, the archives' own analysts reviewed the file and CSIS's recommendations before making a final determination about what information would be released.

Bronskill and The Canadian Press news agency argue that the restrictions imposed by CSIS and LAC are excessive. Putting aside the question of whether Tommy Douglas was ever a threat to national security, the danger posed now by allowing researchers access to his RCMP file is minimal. The methods of surveillance that were used to monitor Douglas have surely been surpassed, and the people who informed on him are likely dead. It's hard to imagine how disclosure would compromise the current intelligence operations of the Canadian state or breach any individual's right to privacy.

These arguments are convincing, and the stakes are high. As Bronskill and his lawyers point out, democracy depends on the free flow of information. Transparency is the best guarantee of accountability. Governments

need to know that we'll know what they get up to, and that knowledge, in theory, limits the arbitrary exercise of power.

Unfortunately, in reporting on the case, Bronskill's fellow journalists have chosen to focus on the sensational rather than on the serious. It's shocking to learn that the man who'd later be named the "Greatest Canadian" in a CBC contest was considered by the Mounties to be a potential threat to the country's security. And there's a certain satisfaction in expressing our collective indignation at seemingly unimaginative bureaucrats bent on enforcing the letter of the law. We shake our heads, ask each other, "how could they be so dumb?" and then forget about it. After all, a story about how the government is preventing the release of a pile of old documents dealing with a dead politician might be interesting and even entertaining, but it isn't really relevant to my life, is it?

It is. What happened with Tommy Douglas's RCMP security file raises important questions about knowledge and power as well as public culture. Access to information bears directly on the relationship between the state and its citizens and the quality of democracy we enjoy. We just don't always know it.

Instead of fixating on the contents of the restricted files, we need to take a long, hard look at how that content came to be hidden in the first place. In a way, the release of redacted records has served the interests of the state: All that black ink has captured our attention, focussing it on finding out what's been hidden, rather than how it came to be hidden in the first place.

If we're interested in maintaining a healthy democracy, we need "to engage with hiddenness itself," as the academic John Beck tells us in *Dirty Wars*. That means interrogating the institutions, processes, and material circumstances that govern and shape the flow of information. As Beck points out, "the freedom and transparency of democracy are underwritten by unseen and often unknowable powers."

Engaging with hiddenness means understanding the workings of the bureaucracy around access to information, our

version of George Orwell's Ministry of Truth. We need to pay attention to boring stuff, like the relationship between the archives and other federal government departments, budgets, and workloads. For instance, the Federal Court hearing heard that the analyst assigned to the Douglas file was under some pressure to complete the review. Given the circumstances, it's easy to imagine how that individual might have been tempted to accept CSIS's recommendations about what to remove from the Douglas file without fully exercising her or his own independent judgment.

Engaging with hiddenness also means challenging the common sense assumptions that influence the work of analysts like CSIS's access to information and privacy coordinator Nicole Jalbert. During the hearing last March, Jalbert was asked if there were guidelines to help analysts determine what information was sensitive and shouldn't be disclosed because it bore on current security and intelligence operations. Her answer was no.

"It's not rocket science," she said. "When you are working in the milieu that we are

working in, you are aware of what is relevant and what isn't."

Perhaps most fundamentally, engaging with hiddenness means demanding more of ourselves. The Access to Information Act is an act of Parliament. It's something we've created — and can change. University of Ottawa professor and lawyer Amir Attaran, who represents Bronskill, observes that compared to the United States and the United Kingdom, Canada's access to information provisions are the most restrictive. While there are likely many reasons for that, in part it reflects the country's public culture: Canada doesn't have a strong tradition of openness in government — and it won't until we start demanding it.

It's not that states can't or shouldn't keep secrets. We just need to make sure everyone knows in no uncertain terms why and how we're going to do so, who can make those decisions, and what criteria they'll use. Strong democracies expose how they hide things. 📌



University of British Columbia historian Tina Loo comments regularly in *Canada's History*.

In the Feb•March issue of *Canada's History*



Parliament in Flames

A torch-carrying crowd marched menacingly towards the seat of Canada's fragile newborn democracy. By the time the mob was done, Parliament was a smoking ruin.

BY JOSEPH GRAHAM

The Imposter Prof

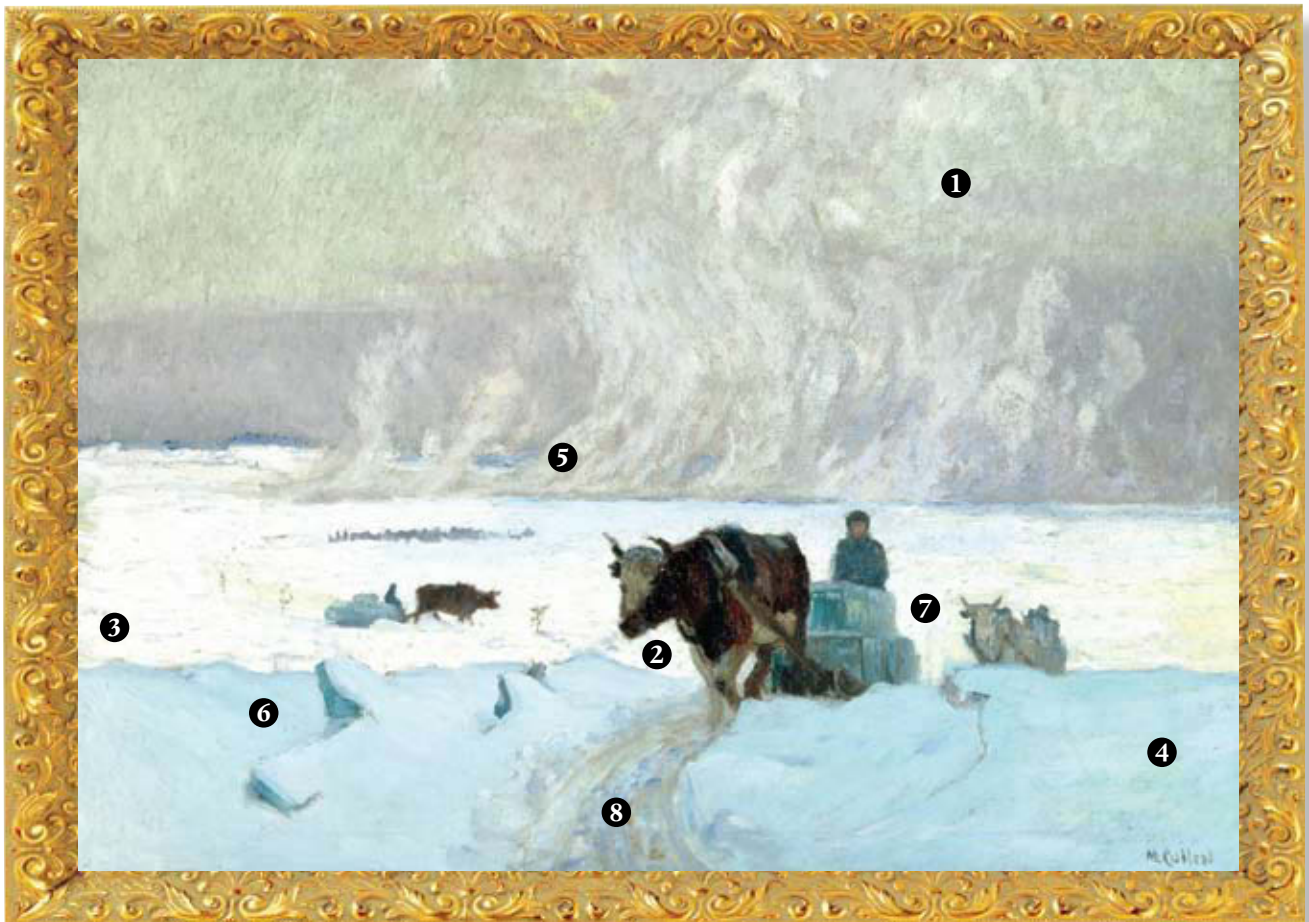
How hard is it to impersonate a professor? One man was so good at it, he became the head of Lakehead University's psychology department.

BY SUSAN GOLDENBERG

The Flying Housewife

In the 1950s, women stayed home — except for pilots like Dorothy Rungeling, who threw convention to the wind.

BY KELLY PUTTER



The Ice Harvest

Maurice Cullen's painting is a vibrant representation of the winter landscape.

1 *The Ice Harvest* by Montreal artist Maurice Cullen measures 76.3 by 102.4 centimetres. Before producing a work of this size, Cullen did many preparatory sketches. The National Gallery of Canada purchased the painting in 1913.

2 This painting shows men cutting ice on the St. Lawrence River at Longueuil, Quebec, during a cold winter, with sturdy oxen assisting in the back-breaking work.

3 Cullen's oil-on-canvas painting was started in 1908 but not completed until 1913. It shows little sign of cracking or fading, due to his use of a limited palette of chemically pure pigments. His application of light im-

pasto layers retains the paint's luminosity.

4 The artist's inspiration and technique is based on impressionist painting, which he adapted to represent Canada and its climate. "It is indeed the very soul of this country that he paints," Montreal art dealer William Watson noted.

5 This painting shows a bleak but beautiful winter landscape. As Cullen's stepson, artist Robert Pilot, wrote, "In his pictures one feels the very mood of hushed solitude, the exquisite silence of the snow-en-shrouded world."

6 Cullen painted the effects of light upon

snow by intensely studying the complementary colours and reflections that he saw in nature.

7 Ice cutting was done when the days were cold, crisp, and clear. Cut from ponds, rivers, and lakes into large squares by means of axes and crosscut saws, the ice was scraped of snow, hooked from the water, and dragged on planks by oxen or horses.

8 Ice cutting was an essential winter activity and a community event. The ice was used to store perishable food in individual or shared ice houses or harvested for commercial sale. The ice houses became the first refrigerator and were not replaced until the invention of the electric compressor.

The hapless soldier

Gerald Hallowell discovers that not all soldiers have a chance to become heroes.

Recently I learned of a distant cousin, a soldier who died mysteriously in Halifax in 1918, I was told, “while embarking for overseas.” In his photograph he looked incredibly young — and vulnerable. What happened to this young man, I wondered? Did he stumble on the gangplank?

Like thousands of other Canadians late in the First World War, Lyness Alexander McKay Henry was conscripted. According to a medical history sheet, headed “Military Service Act, 1917,” Lyness was physically examined in Saskatoon on May 14, 1918. He enlisted in Winnipeg on May 17, and that same day was declared fit to serve in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Later, on June 11, he underwent another examination by a medical board in “St. John’s, P.Q.” On June 26 he made a will, bequeathing everything to his mother. Three weeks later Lyness was dead.

His “Casualty Form — Active Service,” located amongst the military records in the national archives, informs us that on June 1 he was transferred to the Canadian Engineers. His military career progressed with extraordinary haste; from enlistment to death is just two months. He must have had very little training, and yet he was apparently about to go overseas. Concerning his death, the document says only: “Embarkation Casualty. Section No. 6, D.D. Halifax, N.S. — 10.7.18. Died N.S. Hospl., Halifax, N.S. — 16.7.18.” Lyness is buried in the Fort Massey Cemetery at the corner of Queen

and South streets in Halifax, far from his prairie home.

The records tell us that Lyness Henry was born in Orono, Ontario, on March 29, 1899. By the time of the First World

forty-five years later, I too left home for the first time. Like Lyness I grew up on a farm. The farm was near Orono, where he was born. But leaving family behind for university and a new life in the big city is nothing compared to what Lyness was forced to endure: the long, lonely trip across the country, the prospect of crossing the wide and dangerous Atlantic, the brutal war in a foreign land. The horrors of the front, the slaughter in the trenches, must have been well known by this time. What went through his mind, I wondered, during his ordeal? Could I have done what he had to do?

But why did Lyness die? The War Graves Register in the archives reveals that he was admitted to the Nova Scotia Hospital in Dartmouth on July 5, 1918, and that the cause of his death eleven days later was “Pneumonia, following measles. Streptococci infection.” Four years later, in September 1922, two photos of her son’s permanent headstone were sent to Mrs. S.J. Henry, next-of-kin, in Marshall.

A mystery remained as to why Lyness died in the Nova Scotia Hospital, a hospital for mental patients. According to Herb MacDonald, author of *Mount Hope, Then and Now*, the hospital was founded in Dartmouth in 1856 as the Mount Hope Asylum. In 1915, a new structure, the “Acute Cases Building,” was taken over by the military because of the increasing demand for medical space to accommodate the many soldiers



Lyness Henry in his uniform as a nineteen-year-old conscript.

VETERANS AFFAIRS

War he was living in Marshall, Saskatchewan, a farming community southeast of Lloydminster. At enlistment he was described as a “gas engineer,” single, a Methodist, 5 feet 5½ inches tall, with blue eyes, fair hair, and a ruddy complexion. He weighed a mere 129 pounds. He was just two months over his nineteenth birthday.

At precisely the same age, almost

in transit overseas, as well as the navy and merchant navy personnel who were in and out of Halifax with the transatlantic convoys. The new NSH building was set up as a specialized unit for the quarantine and treatment of military personnel with infectious diseases. It was, therefore, a military medical unit that happened to be physically located within the grounds of a psychiatric hospital.

The Nova Scotia Hospital is described in horrific detail in Robert MacNeill's *Burden of Desire* (1992), a novel set against the backdrop of the Halifax Explosion of December 6, 1917. This tragedy had occurred only a few short months before Lyness arrived. Much of Halifax lay in ruins, almost two thousand people had died, and thousands were injured, many blinded by flying glass. For Lyness, it was a grim death in a grim institution in a grim city.

Lyness must have been very miserable at the end — and so lonely. Like too many soldiers, he died far too young and missed so much of life. Not all the Canadians lost in the war, his story reveals, died facing guns. Tragedy can take many forms. Can I be forgiven for thinking, as I look at his photo again, that it portrays a young man who has the pathetic air of someone who died in vain?

Through a notice in the Lloydminster newspaper I eventually contacted his family in Saskatchewan. George S. Henry, his nephew, told me that the family had moved west from Ontario in 1910. Lyness Henry grew up on the family farm near Marshall and, like me, he attended a little one-room country school. He was a boy scout and a good athlete, excelling at pole vault. He was well remembered in the family. A large portrait of him in his soldier's uniform hung in his parents'

home.

It's distressing to think of the letters kept in the family bible, letters sent to Lyness overseas and returned with postmarks from England and France. George and Sarah Henry, his parents, did not realize that their son had never left Nova Scotia.

Almost a century after his death I found Lyness's grave in Halifax. It was marked by a typical veteran's gravestone, an upright rectangular marker with a maple leaf embedded above the inscription. Below the cross at the bottom of the monument are these enigmatic words from Deuteronomy: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." So far from his home in distant Saskatchewan, I was apparently the first in the family to visit his grave. ●

Gerald Hallowell is editor of *The Oxford Companion to Canadian History* and lives in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia.

Photo credit: Younsul Kersh, Library and Archives Canada



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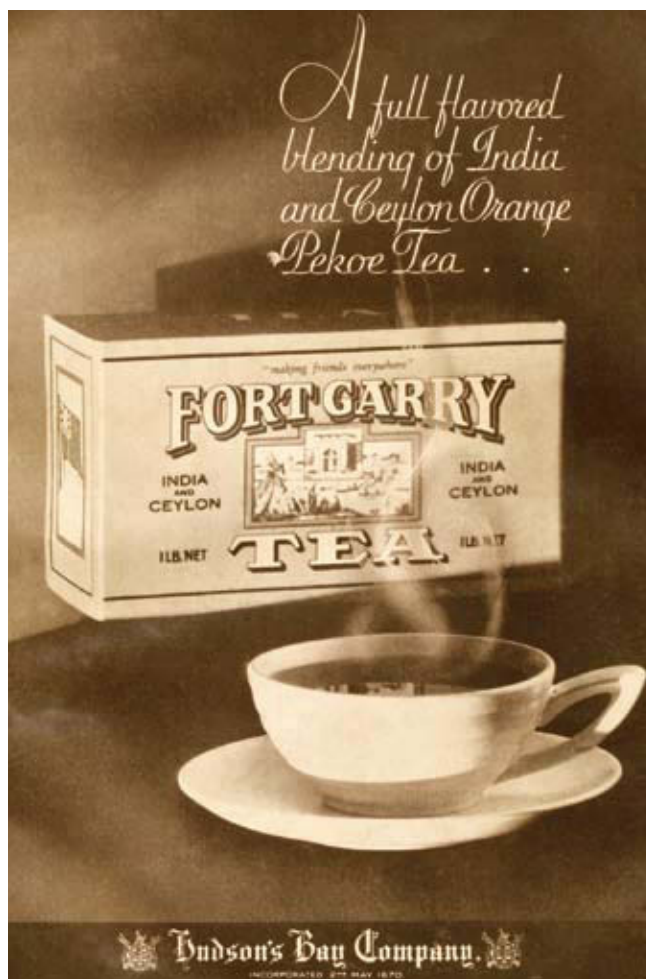
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TALES AND TREASURES

From the fur trade history of Hudson's Bay Company



Tasty tea

A cold winter day and a hot cup of tea — a comforting combination promoted by Hudson's Bay Company, importers of tea since 1713. "Guaranteed to be superior in quality to any other packaged tea selling at fifty cents a pound," reads a 1933 advertisement. HBC's India and Ceylon orange pekoe tea with the brand name "Fort Garry" was said to be a full-flavoured blend enjoyed by both urban dwellers and those in more remote areas of the country. — B.T.

In The Beaver... 90 years ago

Martian mania

As the game of curling gained popularity across Canada, HBC got caught up in the excitement. Numerous articles on the winter sport enlivened the publication. In a particularly humorous January 1921 article entitled "A Martian at the Rink," the writer envisions a Martian's bewilderment upon chancing on a company curling match.



60 years ago

Trusty toboggan

"The Eskimos of Canada depend almost entirely for their winter transportation on the wooden sled," W.F. Joss wrote in March 1951. Before mechanized travel in the North, the typical Inuit family owned three sleds, or komatiks — one for heavy loads, a lighter model for trapping, and a small version for children or for racing. Joss's article "Eskimo Sleds" describes the production and history of the reliable komatik.



30 years ago

Golden rule days

In the Autumn 1981 issue, Evelyn Slater McLeod fondly remembers her days at Willow Brook School near Consort, Alberta. "School Days at Willow Brook" tells of the one-room building constructed in 1910 for eighteen children who arrived with their families from Benson County, North Dakota. You can almost feel the heat radiating from the pot-bellied stove on a cold day, the thrill of sledding down the coulee at break time, and the excitement when the new teacher arrives from the "far horizons" of England.



Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, launched

The Beaver (now *Canada's History* magazine) in 1920. To explore the history and heritage of Hudson's Bay Company, and to read stories from ninety-one years of its flagship magazine, go to: canadashistory.ca.

A large crowd gathers on Front Street, Dawson City, on July 4, 1899. By this time, Dawson was a bustling metropolis with two banks, seven newspapers, two hospitals, and numerous saloons and brothels.





AFTER THE GOLD RUSH

The fever of the Klondike gold rush has long passed. But the legacy of those wild-eyed fortune seekers still lives large in the land of the midnight sun. by Charlotte Gray

O

n the first Sunday of May 2008, an ear-splitting sound rang out over the little Yukon community of Dawson City, 280 kilometres south of the Arctic Circle. A siren's wail blasted along the muddy streets, then echoed off the steep hillside behind the town.

At the time, I was staying at a small, one-storey clapboard house — the childhood home of author Pierre Berton, which he generously donated to the community as a writers' retreat. I was there to research and write a book on the 1890s' gold rush, the last and most northerly gold rush in a century when gold was as important as oil is today.

In August 1896, only a handful of people from the Hän First Nation lived on the cramped mud flat at the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon rivers. Then seams of gold "as thick



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GLENBOW ARCHIVES NA-876-3



FIRST LIGHT

Top left: Miners cross Bonanza Creek about 1898. as cheese in a sandwich,” according to one observer, were discovered on a creek that flowed into the Klondike River, twenty kilometres from that mud flat.

Bottom left: The Seattle Hotel in Dawson City, 1898. Tens of thousands of people from all over the globe caught “Klondicitis” and headed north towards the Klondike goldfields. Hundreds were drowned, killed, or injured as they made the brutal journey up the Chilkoot or White passes, over the ice-capped St. Elias Mountain Range, and through the Yukon’s lakes and rapids towards creeks that boasted names like Eldorado, Bonanza, and Gold Bottom.

Within two years, the mud flat had become Dawson City — world-famous for whisky, women, and wealth — and the Hän people had been banished from their ancestral fishing grounds. Meanwhile, the Canadian government was struggling to impose law and order in the boisterous, crowded, squalid, noisy frontier town of 30,000 residents.

Fast-forward to 2008. The siren continued to pierce the thin, clear air. It had been joined by other sounds: dogs howling, trucks bouncing over Dawson’s potholes, the faint sound of human cheering. What was going on?

Then I realized what had caused this commotion, and I was abruptly yanked backwards into the gold rush era. There were no trucks or sirens in the 1890s, but in those days screaming steam whistles, howling dogs, and loud cheers had greeted the same annual event. This was ice-out. The ice on the Yukon River, which in the dead of winter can be more than three metres thick, had finally broken up.

Along with half of Dawson’s population (today, a year-round total of about thirteen hundred people and two thousand dogs) I ran down to the bank of the Yukon River. The mighty 3,185-kilometre watercourse flows from British Columbia to within a few kilometres of the Arctic Ocean,



Above: Front Street in Dawson City as it appears today.

then curves westward through Alaska until it finally empties into the Bering Sea.

Only days earlier there had been a large expanse of yellowing, potholed ice sufficiently solid to support cars. Open water had sparked in the smaller Klondike River, but at the rivers' confluence the Klondike's flow was sucked under the Yukon's frozen surface. Now huge chunks of ice and gallons of icy water surged down the wide Yukon.

Gold rush veterans left vivid descriptions of the excitement that took hold when winter's grasp on the northern landscape loosened. With the end of seven long, dark months of isolation, old-timers could look forward to fresh supplies and the next surge of stampedes, eager to stake their claims on the Klondike's creeks and in Dawson's casinos.

In May 1897, William Haskell, author of *Two Years in the Klondike and Alaskan Gold-Fields 1896-1898: A Thrilling Nar-*



Left: Author Pierre Berton in Dawson City in July of 1982.



Above: *Contemporary dance hall girls apply makeup before a show at Diamond Tooth Gertie's.*

Right: *Belinda Mulrooney made a fortune in the Yukon.*



All winter, these men had lived on the three Bs — bread, beans, and bacon, with the occasional taste of game if there had been a successful hunt. Steak had replaced sex as Bill's favourite fantasy, and now his mouth watered for a piece of fresh, juicy beef, with a pile of buttery potatoes

on the side. "The thought uppermost in [my] mind was something more than that of the piece of moose ham which tasted as if it might have been cured during the late War of the Rebellion."

Today, ice-out is a spectacle that everybody enjoys; we stood for hours on the riverbank, watching the powerful flow. But it made little difference to our day-to-day existence, since Dawson now has all the links to Outside (as stampedeers called the lands below the Saint Elias Mountains) that it lacked in Bill's day — a telegraph wire, telephones, a road, an airline, and even WiFi. A planeload of fresh produce arrives each week. The two Dawson supermarkets carry items such as eggs, fresh pineapples,



Sam Steele of the Mounties, the barrel-chested lion of the North; and the engaging adventurer Bill Haskell. Had they not made the journey north, these six people would never have met. Each of them sought riches — although the wealth they found was not always the yellow metal itself.

This would be history from the ground up — the roles individuals play in the larger story of events. But I needed context. I had not yet glimpsed the vastness of the North, felt the giddy sleeplessness triggered by the midnight sun, dabbled my fingers in the Yukon's chilly waters, nor met anybody who had chosen to live in what Dawsonites still describe, often with grim triumph, as "the end of the road."

Dawson shares with other small, resource-based towns studded across northern Canada a hostility to the south and a sense of its own uniqueness. But Dawson is truly unique, thanks to the gold rush. Today, it feels like



and pork chops year-round. But reminders of another way of life are never far away. Stubble-chinned prospectors still load vast quantities of canned and dried goods into pickup trucks, so they can disappear for another three-month sojourn in the bush.

For a writer of popular history, the opportunity to see where events actually happened is precious. By the time I arrived at Berton House for my residency, I had read dozens of stampeder's memoirs with titles like *God's Loaded Dice*, *With My Own Eyes*, and *Cheechako into Sourdough*. I wanted to explore the Klondike gold rush by interweaving within one narrative the experiences of six individuals who had left first-hand accounts in letters, books, short stories, journals, or diaries.

The six included Father William Judge, a selfless Jesuit; Belinda Mulrooney, a feisty and ruthless businesswoman; Jack London, a tough youngster desperate to make his mark on the world; the imperious and imperial Flora Shaw, special correspondent for *The Times* of London; Superintendent

a shabby film set — a pale version of the raucous rough-and-tumble frontier town of the 1890s. Original buildings give silent testament to past glory. Some of them, such as the Palace Grand Theatre, have been restored by Parks Canada and look infinitely more grand than they did when first built. Others have been preserved as poignant reminders of the risks of construction on permafrost: St. Andrew's Church is today a ramshackle wooden structure with a bulging door, lopsided roof, and collapsing walls. Then there are contemporary recreations of gold rush entertainments, staged during the summer for tourists. Today's cancan dancers in Diamond Tooth Gertie's Saloon are as energetic and exuberant as their predecessors, such as the famous sisters Jacqueline and Rosalind (nicknamed Vaseline and Glycerine) who held crowds in thrall in the summer of 1898.

There are more subtle echoes of the past in the local culture, including a whiff of subversion in the air and a

Above: Miners in Dawson pay for supplies with gold dust in the fall of 1899.



Above: Old buildings lean due to the movement of thawing permafrost.

Within a year of the gold strike on the Klondike, the local Hän had been brutally ejected from their ancestral homeland.

resistance to Outside rules. While I was in the North, talk of smoking bans and seat-belt laws elicited guffaws. The heirs of Swiftwater Bill, a legendary gambler during the gold rush, still party prodigiously, especially in the dark winter months. There were twenty-eight saloons open year-round during the height of the gold rush, giving Dawson its reputation as “the city that never sleeps.” Today, the only bar open year-round is the Pit, which has two rooms. One, the Armpit, is open during the day; the other, the Snakepit, opens at night.

My months in Dawson gave me a sense of place. I saw why even the most hardened gold digger found the landscape mesmerizing. Belinda Mulrooney, who was twenty-five years old when she climbed the Chilkoot Pass in 1898, would end up as one of the richest entrepreneurs in the Klondike. Yet even this tough little Irish-American woman, who snapped at any man who got too close to her, revealed a romantic streak when she contemplated the Yukon landscape. “The beauty ... you can’t possibly overdo it. It seems to me that

every day and every night is different. You just feast on it. You become quite religious, seem to get inspiration. Or it might be the electricity of the air. You are filled with it, ready to go.... You couldn’t keep your eyes off the heavens.” Belinda’s words resonated with me at 2 a.m. on the longest day of the year, as I watched the last rays of the sun paint the undersides of high drifting clouds a delicate rosy pink.

The mountains and rivers and sky were far larger than I had imagined before my arrival in the North. In contrast, some spaces were far smaller. Most of the cabins that lined Dawson’s streets and the gold-bearing creeks in the late 1890s have dissolved back into the bush, with only a few rotten logs or discarded cans hinting at the lives they once contained. But a few have survived, with their sod roofs, makeshift windows, and claustrophobic dimensions. Along the road from Berton House is the Jack London cabin — a reconstruction of the cabin on the Stewart River on which the young writer is said to have carved “Jack London / Miner Author” during the bitter winter of 1897.



CORBIS

The Dawson cabin contains half of the logs from which the original Stewart River cabin was built; the other half were shipped to Jack's hometown of Oakland, California, where another Jack London cabin sits on the waterfront. Jack himself nearly died of scurvy during his year in the North, and he never struck gold. But during his slow recovery he hung out in Dawson's bars, gathering anecdotes. Those stories of macho survival would be the basis for many of the stories that, only a few years later, would make him the highest-paid author in North America. To a modern visitor, the idea of spending five months cooped up with three or four other men in this cramped and squalid space is suffocating. London himself described the experience as spending "weeks in a refrigerator."

The most dramatic change between then and now is the status of the local First Nation. The unvarnished racism expressed in memoirs and stories by stampeders like Jack London and William Haskell shocks a modern sensibility. Raised to disparage strangers who did not look or talk like Anglo-Saxons, hungry prospectors showed nothing but contempt towards the people who for centuries had fished and hunted all over this hostile landscape, had learned the migration patterns of caribou and medicinal properties of vegetation, and knew how to survive the cruel winters. So what if they

were canny traders who had dominated the commerce in fox, bear, and lynx furs with the Hudson's Bay Company for years? When a Hän fisherman tried to talk to Haskell, the latter hooted with laughter because the Hän language sounded to his untrained ear as though the speaker was "doing his best to strangle himself with it."

Within a year of the gold strike on the Klondike, the local Hän had been brutally ejected from their ancestral homeland and robbed of the land's mineral treasures. Only the Jesuit priest Father Judge regarded Indians as fellow members of the human race. But he was helpless to avert their expulsion to a small reserve known as Moosehide Village, about five kilometres downstream from Dawson. Hän elders spent the next eighty years watching southerners plunder their hunting grounds, pollute their rivers, ship their children off to residential schools, and destroy their way of life.

By the late twentieth century, such actions were recognized as unethical and cruel violations of human rights. Land claims have been settled with most of the Yukon's First Nations and compensation paid for the traumas of recent history. Since the early 1990s, the Hän people from the Klondike regions have called themselves the Tr'ondëk Hwëch'in, and today they constitute about one-third of Dawson's residents.

One of Dawson's only modern buildings is the Dänojà Zho Cultural Centre, based on traditional Hän construction methods. There, the 50,000 tourists who visit Dawson each summer can learn a history that is quite different from what is presented in Diamond Tooth Gertie's Saloon.

Residence in Berton House made me acutely aware of the challenge I faced. Fifty years ago, in his magnificent *Klondike: The Life and Death of the Last Great Gold Rush*, Pierre Berton caught the national imagination and revived interest in the Dawson City of the 1890s. Berton's grand enter-

tainment teemed with heroes and villains, and whatever I produced would inevitably be compared with his classic. However, narrative history is a multi-layered project, reflecting the priorities and preoccupations of the era in which it is written.

Since Berton's day, attitudes toward women, First Nations, and the fabric of history itself have changed. I explore the Klondike story for a new generation, to whom diversity and psychological depth are important. But my three months in Dawson reminded me that in one respect, Pierre Berton was right. Those who got rich in the Klondike gold rush would always recall it as an epic adventure. ●

Et Cetera

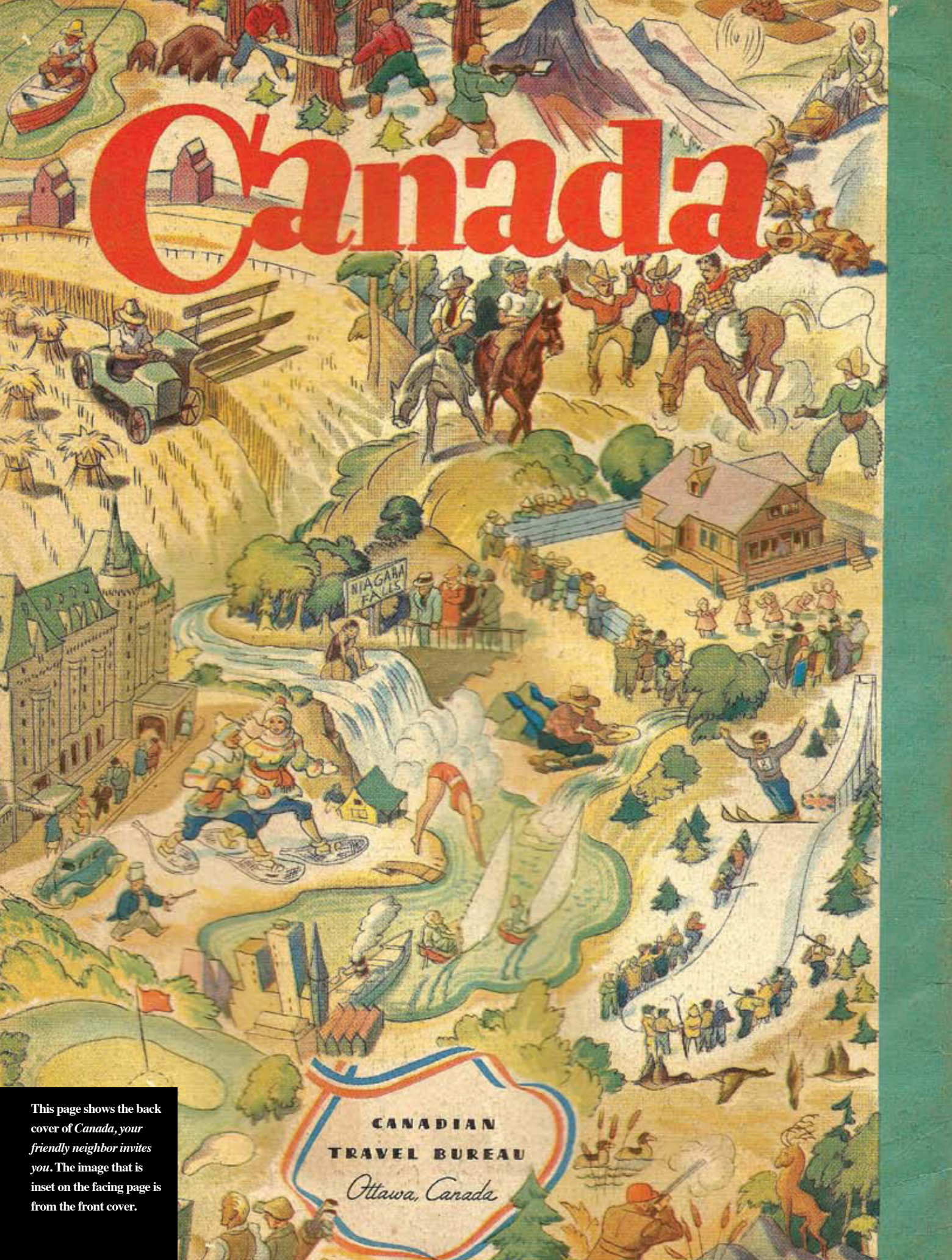
Gold Diggers: Striking It Rich In The Klondike by Charlotte Gray. HarperCollins Canada, Toronto, 2010.

Above: Jack London writes in the outdoors circa 1905.



Left: Writer Charlotte Gray pans for gold.

Canada



This page shows the back cover of *Canada, your friendly neighbor* invites you. The image that is inset on the facing page is from the front cover.

CANADIAN
TRAVEL BUREAU

Ottawa, Canada



Canada

Inventing A 'FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR'

MOOSE AND MOUNTIES WERE NOT ENOUGH TO ATTRACT DEPRESSION-ERA TOURISTS. CLEARLY, IT WAS TIME TO REBRAND CANADA. BY PHILIP GOLDRING

The Great Depression was a nervous time for Canada's tourism industry. From 1929 to 1933, revenue from tourist traffic in Canada fell by more than half, and even visits to iconic national parks stagnated. By 1934, an industry already in flux — thanks to private car ownership that shook up leisurely old routines based around trains, steamboats, and resort hotels — now faced a crisis.

Worried Canadians called for a public inquiry, which the Senate conducted in 1934. Predictably, the Special Committee on Tourist Traffic recommended a stimulus package — an emergency program of public spending on parks, highways, and publicity. The program was to be consistent with a “fair and reasonable enforcement of regulations and the welfare and dignity of the country generally,” said the committee’s

report.

Dignified or not, new staff and new ideas were needed to rebrand Canada as a “friendly neighbor.” The government quickly poached New Brunswick’s chief tourism officer, Leo Dolan, a bright, able man who was at ease in all the necessary circles. After a change of government in 1935, Dolan found himself working under a public servant who was as dynamic as himself — C. D. Howe, the American-born minister of railways and canals.

Dolan would spend the next thirty years promoting Canada, first as director of the tourism bureau, and later as consul-general in Los Angeles. In 1935, he sat down with Toronto advertising genius Jack MacLaren to dream up new ways to brand Canada. Enough survives in the official records to show flashes of enthusiasm and easy relations between Dolan and MacLaren’s team, as well as occasional tight-lipped reminders that this was, after all, government work.



1950s, but the cover of *Canada, your friendly neighbor* invites you must have been one of his most stimulating opportunities during the Depression.

“Although the pamphlet might be described as ‘camp’ by today’s standards, it won a design award nonetheless as part of the RCA [Royal Canadian Academy of Art] annual exhibition of 1938,” writes Michael Burch in a 1997 exhibition catalogue entitled *Hymn to the Sun*.

Bush’s paintbrush imagined a Canada with numerous landmarks but no boundaries. The image has no real oceans and only the vaguest orientation of regional figures to where they ought to be. Appropriately, along the top edge a bush pilot and a dogsled suggest the North, and where New Brunswick should be, a fisherman in slicker and sou’wester is throwing his net to catch a diving woman in a red bathing suit. By contrast, at the foot of Niagara Falls a Klondike



prospector pans for gold in a stream that winds away to Quintland. Mostly, the images jostle each other in a joyful rejection of conventional geography.

Two kinds of people inhabit this imaginary place. The Canadians are shown working and playing in about equal numbers. But they are completely uninvolved in industry — a typical evasion in this style of tourist promotion, which walks a tightrope, promising visitors modern conveniences while hiding the grittier evidence of modern life. Through this idealized tableau move the real stars — the anglers, the hunters, and the youthful American couples on holiday.

The booklet deals in an unthreatening way with the question of Canada as a foreign country. A high comfort level is suggested via a familiar list of public holidays, calming assurances about American currency being welcome, and an



NO PASSPORTS NEEDED!

Canada welcomes the tourist with a minimum of border regulations and delay

These necessary formalities at the Canadian border take only a few minutes. Bona fide tourists will experience no trouble and will receive every courtesy from the various officials. They simply report to the Canadian immigration and customs officers at the port of entry, answer the necessary questions and, if travelling by automobile, obtain the requisite permit for admission of car and outfit. A thirty-day automobile entry permit is the usual form, which may, on application, be extended to six months without payment of fees of any kind. Wearing apparel and effects for personal use, also a large number of specified articles of tourists' outfit or sportsman's equipment, which have been previously used by the tourist and are required for his own use, may be brought in free of duty or deposit.

Tourists entering Canada do not require pass-

ports. Decision regarding personal entry rests with the examining immigration officer and, as a general rule, there is no difficulty or delay at the border. It is suggested, however, that the possession of identification papers will facilitate entry into Canada and also assist in establishing the visitor's right to re-enter his own country on his return there.

The regulations regarding the entry of automobiles also apply to motorcycles and bicycles. A separate permit is not required for a trailer.

BUS TRAVEL

A highly organized, speedy and dependable system of luxuriously appointed buses operates between key points in the United States and Canada. At points of entry there is the same

announcement that now sounds ironic: “NO PASSPORTS NEEDED! Canada welcomes the tourist with a minimum of border regulations and delay.”

Dolan had 150,000 copies printed at about thirty-three cents apiece. They were widely praised within the business and were distributed through a network of American contacts. Others were given away in railway cars in Canada and at other tourist haunts. No record has been found of a second printing. Three years after publication, the Second World War broke out, disrupting tourism and ushering in a new era with new ways of seeing and marketing the country. During its moment, however, *Canada, your friendly neighbor* was an eye-catching example of Canadians’ desire to attract Americans, while self-consciously reflecting who we imagined we were, or might want to be. 🇨🇦



Stanislaus Lacroix
is hanged in what
is believed to be the
last publicly viewed
execution in Canada. It
took place March 21,
1902, in Hull, Quebec.



REASONABLE DOUBTS

Today, the wrongfully convicted can win their freedom *and* compensation. But when the death penalty was still in place, no one at the gallows got a second chance. by Ray Argyle

The witnesses called to observe the execution of Cook Teets, a blind man found guilty of killing his wife with strychnine, stamped their feet as they stood at the gate to the Grey County Jail in Owen Sound, Ontario, at dawn on December 5, 1884. A snowstorm was gathering along the shore of Georgian Bay. The mixed group of lawyers, doctors, and acquaintances of the condemned man — more than fifty in all — was anxious to have the hanging over and done with.

Just before 8 a.m., Teets, a tall, white-bearded man, emerged from his solitary death cell walking arm-in-arm between two ministers, Methodist Reverend J.E. Howell and Presbyterian Reverend A.H. Scott. Jailer John Miller led them to the corner of the prison yard where a gallows had been erected.

The doomed man mounted the scaffold with a “firm step,” according to newspaper accounts of the day. Dressed in a black broadcloth suit, Teets stood on the trap door waiting to plunge to his death. “Well, gentlemen, this is the fatal board,” he said. Miller would later claim that Teets had intended to confess to the killing. But there was no confession. Church bells tolled a death knell as a black flag was run up the prison’s flagstaff.

The hanging of fifty-five-year-old Cook Teets, the son of a respected family of farmers and furniture makers, was the first ever in Owen Sound. And it left the community divided. The execution followed a long investigation into the death of his bride of six

weeks, the former Rosannah Leppard.

She was just twenty-five and pregnant when a doctor examined her body in the shack where Rosannah still lived with her mother — Teets and Leppard never actually lived together as husband and wife. The home was on the outskirts of Flesherton, a small farm town a few miles south of Owen Sound. An autopsy conducted in Toronto revealed traces of strychnine in her stomach. The jury attending her inquest on November 1, 1883, found her death to have been a “willful murder.” Teets was charged and taken to the Owen Sound jail to await trial.



Many in the community could not believe that Teets — blind since boyhood after being hit in the eyes by a rock-laden snowball — was capable of finding a way to administer a dose of the fast-acting, awful-tasting poison to his young wife Rosie. Neighbours agreed that his behaviour was often eccentric. He had endured the taunts of children as he walked along country roads, led by his faithful seeing-eye dog. But there was evidence that he had not been near his wife for at least twelve hours before her death.

Rosannah belonged to an extended and barely reputable family. Teets had given her money to take out a four-thousand-dollar insurance policy on her life. He said she wanted the policy to provide for any children in the event of her death.

The jury heard only circumstantial evidence against Teets. He admitted having strychnine in his possession — but the pesticide was in common use on this western Ontario farming frontier,

mainly to control predators and rodents. Teets explained that he had used some to kill foxes; he had even made a cape for his mother from their pelts.

Justice J.D. Armour, the presiding judge, charged the jury “strongly against the prisoner,” according to newspaper reports. After a half hour of deliberation, it returned a verdict of guilty, but with a recommendation for mercy.

A total of 168 people signed a petition urging clemency and sent it to Minister of Justice Sir Alexander Campbell, a senator and former law partner of Prime Minister John A. Macdonald. It pointed to “the character of the principal witnesses, namely the Leppard family.” They added it was “quite possible that the poison was obtained by the deceased elsewhere than from Cook Teets or without his knowledge or consent and that it is quite possible that the said poison was

able to overturn many recent convictions, the Association in Defence of the Wrongly Convicted (AIDWYC).

Many who knew Teets believed he was innocent, and later events seemed to prove them right. Those events involved Rosannah’s mother, Roseann Leppard, who was committed to the Toronto Asylum after having served a jail term for attempting to burn down a neighbour’s barn. An 1891 census entry shows her as a resident of the asylum at the age of fifty-five, of Irish extraction, and a Roman Catholic. Apparently suffering from schizophrenia, she remained at the asylum until her death in 1918.

Ten years before Leppard died, she reportedly began telling a strange tale to anyone who would listen. For years, there had been rumours she had had something to do with her daughter’s death. For a time before the arrest of Cook Teets, she had been under surveillance. She had been alone with Rosannah during her daughter’s last meal and was at her bedside while the girl suffered in the throes of poison. She had even gotten a black eye when her daughter struck out before dying.

Now, according to the *Toronto Telegram*, Leppard had a confession to make. It was she, not Cook Teets, who had poisoned the young woman. The newspaper headlined its story “HANGED AN INNOCENT MAN — Last Execution in Owen Sound Was a Legal Murder.”

Counting the cost of compensation

Steven Truscott: Convicted in 1959 for the killing of Lynne Harper. Sentenced to be hanged, later commuted to life imprisonment. Served ten years. Received \$6,500,000.



David Milgaard: Convicted in 1970 of the murder of Gail Miller. Sentenced to life. Served twenty-three years. Received \$10,000,000.



Donald Marshall Jr.: Convicted in the death of Sandy Seale in 1971. Sentenced to life. Served eleven years. Received \$1,500,000.



Thomas Sophonow: Convicted of the 1981 killing of Barbara Stoppel. Sentenced to life. Served three years, nine months. Received \$2,600,000.

James Driskell: Convicted of killing of Perry Harder. Sentenced to life in 1991. Served thirteen years. Received \$4,000,000.



Guy Paul Morin: Convicted in the 1984 death of nine-year-old Christine Jessop. Sentenced to life in 1992. Served eighteen months. Received \$1,250,000.

Clayton Johnson: Convicted of murdering his wife Janice. Sentenced in 1993 to life. Served five years. Received \$2,500,000.

administered by some others than the prisoner.”

The petition, along with a second plea sent in by three Owen Sound barristers, went unanswered.

The day before his hanging, Teets dictated a long statement to Reverend Howell. He denied any complicity in the poisoning of his wife, saying simply, “I go to my death an innocent man.”

Was he innocent?

Teets, like most of the 709 other people who have been lawfully executed in Canada, did not have the benefit of such present-day procedures as judicial reviews, public inquiries, DNA evidence, or the support of the group that has been

Today, Rosannah Teets’ great-great-niece, April Bell, of Abbotsford, British Columbia, believes there is enough doubt about the evidence that Teets should not have been hanged. Bell found out about the case while delving into her family’s genealogy. She came across a story about the incident in a local history book about Artemesia Township. “I knew when I read the page that something didn’t add up, and I was curious to know more,” Bell said recently in an interview.

She read the trial transcript and even visited the cemetery where Teets was buried in an unmarked grave.

“Everything I learned strengthened my conviction that an innocent man had been hanged,” she says. Even so, what really happened is far from clear in her mind. For one thing, she doubts the newspaper account of Roseann Leppard’s confession.

“Roseann Leppard was quite insane for many years, and I have obtained her medical file,” said Bell. “There is no mention in the file that she was confessing to any murder or poisoning. Other ramblings are mentioned quite specifically, so I hesitate to believe this newspaper article. There likely was a lot of rumour for many years....”

“So it remains a mystery.”

James Lockyer, the criminal lawyer who co-founded AIDWYC, says he has “no doubt that many people were executed in Canada for crimes they did not commit. It’s an inevitable consequence of any system of capital punishment.”

Lockyer, a warm, curly-haired man given to dressing casually in T-shirts and jeans, works out of a spartan office in Toronto’s downtown, where he spends eighty per cent of



There is no way of knowing exactly how many Canadians were put to death for crimes they did not commit.

his time investigating possible wrongful convictions. Sitting at a table cluttered with files and law books, he takes a break from his latest case — a man convicted twenty-three years ago of first-degree murder — to explain why it's important to examine past miscarriages of justice, even if they happened a long time ago.

"It's always right to find out the truth of any miscarriage of justice. It serves as a warning to Canadians not to go back to capital punishment. Leave that to Iran, China, and the United States."

He added: "People should care about the history of wrongful convictions, even though it is very difficult to prove innocence beyond the grave."

There is usually little motivation to try to secure reversals for people who are now dead, says Lockyer. One exception is the case of Wilbert Coffin. On February 10, 1956, a death flag flew and a chime sounded seven times at Montreal's Bordeaux Jail to mark the hanging of the Quebec mining prospector and woodsman. He had been convicted in the shooting death of Richard Lindsay, one of three American hunters he was thought to have killed. Like Teets, the evidence against Coffin was circumstantial.

Coffin went through seven stays of execution before finally being hanged. His fate sparked great controversy that has never been resolved. Journalist Jacques Hébert, later to become a senator, wrote two books on the case and was cited for contempt of court. Hébert and others who were suspicious of the fairness of Coffin's trial said his lawyer was incompetent and that the Quebec government applied pressure to obtain a conviction in order to protect the province's profitable

American tourist trade.

With the support of Prime Minister Stephen Harper and Justice Minister Rob Nicholson, Parliament voted on February 6, 2007, for a judicial review of the Coffin case. It is one of fifty-two files being examined by Ottawa's Criminal Convictions Review Group (CCRG) for new evidence that could warrant a fresh trial or an appeal.

Lockyer's group has been the driving force in righting the most notorious wrongful convictions in Canada. The list includes the cases of David Milgaard, Guy Paul Morin, Steven Truscott, Clayton Johnson, and Robert Baltovich.

Aside from several political cases where there is general agreement that unjustified hangings were carried out — Louis Riel in 1885, and twelve Patriotes in Quebec following the Lower Canada Rebellion of 1837 — there is no way of knowing exactly how many Canadians, possibly dozens, were put to death for crimes they did not commit.

According to the Department of Justice, while the death penalty was in force in Canada, a total of 1,481 people were sentenced to hang on the gallows. But less than half were actually executed. Others had their sentences commuted to life imprisonment, suggesting the authorities either had concerns about their guilt or at least showed sympathy for their circumstances.

Of those hanged, thirteen were women. And some may have gone to the gallows unjustly, according to criminologists and others who have investigated the cases.

F. Murray Greenwood and Beverley Boissery, in their

Above: From left, Steven Truscott, David Milgaard, lawyer James Lockyer, and Guy Paul Morin pose for a photograph on October 22, 2004. The men spoke at a wrongful conviction seminar at the University of Windsor Law School.

A young woman weeps during a protest outside the Don Jail in Toronto in December 1962, just before the hangings of Arthur Lucas and Ronald Turpin, the last people executed in Canada.



book *Uncertain Justice: Canadian Women and Capital Punishment 1754–1953*, conclude that at least three women, Julia Murdock, Mary Aylward, and Marguerite Pitre, should not have been hanged. Murdock and Aylward figured in pre-Confederation cases, in both of which a man was also charged.

Murdock, companion-servant to Harriet Henry of Toronto, was hanged for poisoning her employer, while Henry's husband James, also charged, got off. Mary Aylward was convicted along with her husband Richard for the killing of neighbour William Munro during an altercation over a missing hen on their farm in rural Hastings County.

During the fracas, Richard shot and injured Munro's son Alexander. Mary came running and hit William with a scythe. Alexander recovered, but his father, who refused medical treatment, died ten days later.

The young husband and wife were hanged side by side in Belleville, Canada West, in 1862 before a rowdy crowd of "old men with whitened locks and bent forms and infants nursing on their mothers' breasts, young men and maidens, boys and girls, of all sizes and ages" according to the *Hastings Chronicle*.

Marguerite Pitre came to trial in 1950. Along with Albert Guay, she was accused of planting a bomb on a Canadian Pacific Airlines flight from Quebec City to Baie-Comeau on September 9, 1949. Guay's wife Rita, along with twenty-two other passengers and crew, died when the bomb went off and the plane crashed. Until the Air India crash of 1985, it was the only case of a plane being brought down by a bomb planted at a Canadian airport.

Pitre told police of the plot when she was rushed to a hospital after having taken an overdose of sleeping pills. She said she tried to commit suicide when, after the plane went down, Guay told her the parcel had held the fatal bomb and that she would be blamed for the explosion. The jury convicted both, along with the man who built the bomb — Genereux Ruest, who was Marguerite Pitre's brother.

All were hanged on January 9, 1953. Pitre was the last woman to go to the gallows in Canada.

One notable case from the 1930s involved Abraham Steinberg of Toronto, a partner with his three nephews in the Goldberg Bros. Monument Works. Steinberg was alleged to have shot his nephew Samuel Goldberg as Goldberg sat at his desk, and then to have poured coal oil on the body and set the premises alight. The gun was found hidden under a cement bag behind the shop, and witnesses testified it belonged to Steinberg. Tests matched the weapon with the bullets found in Goldberg's body.

However, three witnesses testified that Steinberg was at a nearby store during the two hours in which the crime could have been committed. A neighbourhood boy, Max Milgrim, supported their testimony but also admitted he had seen Steinberg in the vicinity of the Monument Works.

The jury chose to disbelieve the defence witnesses and instead accepted the testimony of a prisoner who had been held with Steinberg in Toronto's Don Jail. James Creighton, facing charges of procuring false evidence in a lawsuit, claimed Steinberg had confessed to him. The jury was not told that Creighton had been a patient in a psychiatric hospital, or that the charges against him were withdrawn following his testimony.

After two trials, a failed appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada, and the rejection of a petition signed by 40,000 sympathizers, Steinberg was hanged on July 14, 1931.

In 2007, a team of investigators assembled by AIDWYC started looking into the case of Arthur Lucas, who was hanged back to back with Ronald Turpin at the Don Jail on December 11, 1962. Theirs were the last hangings carried out in Canada.

Lucas, an African-American from Detroit, was convicted on circumstantial evidence in the killing of FBI informant Therland Crater and Crater's prostitute companion, Carolyn Newman. Turpin was found guilty of shooting Constable Frederick Nash while fleeing a robbery.

AIDWYC's Win Wahrer says the group began its investigation in response to an appeal from Lucas's son, Larry Conway. She has so far collected seventeen hundred pages of documents and is seeking another twenty pages withheld by the Ontario Archives. "Disclosure is always an uphill fight in these cases," she said. There is speculation that Lucas's low intelligence and a questionable defence by Ross McKay, a lawyer given to heavy drinking, may have contributed to a miscarriage of justice.

Debate over capital punishment had been mounting in Canada for years before the Lucas-Turpin hangings. Their executions ratcheted up the arguments.

Parliament had first discussed abolition in 1914. Public revulsion over the unintentional decapitation of Thomasina Sarao — her head separated from her body when she was hanged in 1935 — added emotion to the debate. A moratorium was declared in 1967, and Parliament finally voted to abolish capital punishment in 1976. However, the death penalty was still on the books in the military until 1998.

These walls can talk

A curator uncovers evidence of a hanged man many believed was innocent. by Wendy Kitts

Like a Maritime Indiana Jones, Don Alward's passion for history led him on a quest to uncover the secrets of the Albert County Gaol. The manager and curator of the Albert County Museum in southeastern New Brunswick had always wondered what lay beneath the galvanized metal that covered the walls of two of the three cells in the historic jail. One hot day in August 2008 he decided to find out.

The jail, built in 1845, was undergoing restoration. A work crew was about to paint the walls of the largest cell. It was Alward's last chance. He carefully loosened and peeled back a section of metal and found scratched into ancient plaster an etching of a woman's legs, along with a date — August 2, 1905. He was thunderstruck.

"I stood there and stared," remembers Alward. "The first thought that went through my head was, 'That was here when Tom was here.'"

Thomas Francis Collins was the jail's most notorious prisoner — the only person in the history of Albert County ever sentenced to hang. Collins, of Irish descent, was fresh off the boat from England in 1906 when he was hired by the local priest as the rectory's handyman. Just days later, the twenty-two-year-old stood accused of the brutal slaying of the priest's housekeeper, Mary Ann McAuley.

It took three trials to secure a conviction in a case that deeply divided the community.

"A lot of people thought he was innocent even after he was executed," said Kenneth Saunders, who wrote about the case in the *The Rectory Murder: The Mysterious Crime That Shocked Turn-of-the-Century New Brunswick*. "No confession. No witnesses. No forensic evidence. So you can always make a case for circumstantial, but the evidence was pretty strong." Saunders believes the court made the right decision. But there are others who even today question Collins' guilt. Alward is among them.

"In today's courts it would have been thrown out because of too many doubts," said Alward.

The Collins case is believed to be the first time in Canada someone was tried three times for the same murder. His first trial produced a guilty verdict, which his lawyers successfully appealed on the basis of biased instructions the jury received from the judge — a Canadian legal precedent that is still cited today.

His second trial resulted in a hung jury that was seven

to five in favour of his innocence. The third sent him to the gallows, a sentence even the arresting sheriff, who had befriended Collins, worked to have commuted. Many people had contributed to his defence fund. Collins proclaimed his innocence to the end. Yet the hanging went ahead on November 15, 1907.

A century later, as Alward stared at the newly discovered historic graffiti, he pondered the implications of uncovering more of the jail's walls. The old plaster was fragile and could crumble into dust. But, he thought, "What if the next piece I took off had Tom Collins' name under it?"

Alward decided to risk exposing more of the walls. They revealed a treasure trove of graffiti — dates as early as 1871, digits marking off time, initials, names, and poems. There were also sketches of horses, carriages, and ships at full-mast, as well as multiple drawings of women wearing corsets with garter belts and stockings.

The prisoners used pencil, ink, and even charcoal in the form of charred wood from the cell's wood-burning stove to leave their marks. Many drawings were carved into the plaster with pocket knives.

However, evidence of Tom Collins remained elusive until one October day, nearly three months after the search began. Working alone, Alward unearthed three initials in the windowsill of the smallest cell — "T.F.C." Alward could hardly believe what he saw.

"Before this, Tom Collins was just one of the stories that was told at the museum," he explained. "This made me see that he was a real person."

No further evidence of Collins was found. All the historic graffiti is now safely under Plexiglas and can be viewed by museum visitors.

Andrée C. Godin, a project executive with the heritage branch of New Brunswick's Department of Culture, calls the find a "diverse and fascinating picture of life in the jail. It reminded me of images I once saw carved inside the tunnels at Vimy Ridge.... In both cases you get a snapshot of their daily life."

Meanwhile, the hanging of Tom Collins remains an emotional topic in Albert County.

"It still divides those of us who live here," said Alward.

Wendy Kitts is a freelance writer based in Moncton, New Brunswick.



DON ALWARD

In recent years, support for capital punishment has surged in Canada, perhaps influenced by a recent spate of federal government anti-crime bills. Approval for the death penalty, at a record low of forty-four percent in 2005, stood at sixty-two percent in a 2010 Angus Reid poll. The same poll showed support for capital punishment in the United States at eighty-four percent.

Most wrongful convictions, according to one analysis, result from mistakes by witnesses or witness perjury, the negligence of prosecutors, or errors in forensic science. Canada has seen too many innocents condemned — to

hanging in the past and life imprisonment in the present — for capital punishment to make a comeback in the twenty-first century. 🚫

Et Cetera

Uncertain Justice: Canadian Women and Capital Punishment 1754–1953 by F. Murray Greenwood and Beverley Boissery. Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2000.

Terror to Evil-Doers: Prisons and Punishments in 19th Century Ontario by Peter Oliver. University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 1998.





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CROSSING THE LINE

When Montreal sprinter Hilda Strike lost the 1932 Olympic gold to Poland's Stella Walsh, an uncomfortable question hung in the air. The answer would not be revealed until almost five decades later. by Ron Hotchkiss

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☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

Hilda Strike, Stella Walsh, and Wilhelmina von Bremen (left to right) on the medal podium at the 1932 Los Angeles Olympics.



Above: Stella Walsh, wearing No. 368, wins the 100-metre final at the 1932 Olympics. Hilda Strike, with her arm outstretched, comes in second.

Above centre: Strike at the 1932 Olympics.

Above right: Walsh in training a few weeks before the 1932 Games.

T

he afternoon of August 2, 1932 — the third day of competition at the Los Angeles Olympics — shone bright and warm. In the huge Olympic Stadium, the crowd of 55,000 was buzzing with anticipation over the women's 100-metre final.

As the six finalists came onto the field, one stood out due to her small size. Barely five feet one inch in height and weighing 105 pounds, the little runner seemed lost among her bigger rivals. Yet the diminutive athlete was easily recognizable by her red shorts and white jersey emblazoned with a red maple leaf and the word "Canada" underneath. Hilda Strike of Montreal represented the country's hopes in the event.

Her main competition would come from Polish runner Stanislaw Walasiewicz. Walasiewicz also stood out due to her size. Standing five feet six inches and weighing 135 pounds, Walasiewicz was bigger than the other women. Wearing her trademark severe expression, the solidly built athlete was the favourite in the event, having set a world record of 11.9 seconds in both her heat and the semifinal.

As they waited to take their places at the starting line, the two women could not have known that this race would have repercussions that would echo throughout the decades. Their life stories would be forever intertwined — and end with a strange and shocking twist.

H

ilda Gwendolyne Strike was born in Montreal on September 1, 1910, the third child in a family of four girls and a boy. Her father played professional hockey in the World International League. He never encouraged her, but she grew up engaged in every sporting activity available to her. She preferred team sports, especially softball, and played every position.

During a game in 1929, her speed caught the attention of Myrtle Cook, the women's sports columnist for the Montreal Star. Cook was a member of the famous Matchless Six who had competed at the Amsterdam Olympics in 1928, winning a gold medal for Canada in the 400-metre relay. Cook immediately recognized the teenager's potential and invited her to join the Canadian Ladies' Athletic Club.

Strike trained with the club for two years. Under Cook's guidance, the nineteen-year-old's rough natural ability was refined and Strike developed a strong drive to compete at the Olympics. "If I hadn't had the Olympics, I don't know if I would have bothered running," Strike recalled.

In May 1932, at the Quebec Women's Track and Field Championship, Strike tied the Olympic record of 12.2 seconds for the 100-metre event and set a new Canadian mark for the 60-metre race. Convinced her former student was unbeatable, Cook said, "Hilda Strike may just as well start packing [for the Los Angeles Olympics]." The matter was settled at the national Olympic Trials in Hamilton, Ontario, where the little Montreal sprinter won the 100-metre dash.



“I RAN AS FAST AS I COULD,” STRIKE SAID AFTERWARDS. “BUT STELLA RAN FASTER.”

Stanislawa Walasiewicz was born in Poland on April 3, 1911. She came to the United States as an infant with her parents and settled in Cleveland. As a child, she changed her name to Stella Walsh to accommodate teachers who found her Polish one “a tongue-twister.”

In 1927, she qualified for a place on the American Olympic team for the Amsterdam Olympics, but was ruled ineligible because she was not a United States citizen. She continued to compete in, and win, numerous American national championships under the name of Stella Walsh.

In 1932, having turned twenty-one, she was expected to fulfill her dream of becoming an American citizen and representing the United States at Los Angeles. As the world record holder in the 60-, 100-, and 200-metre dashes, she was considered “one of America’s best Olympic bets” — a cinch to win the gold medal in the women’s 100-metre event.

However, at her naturalization hearing in Cleveland three weeks before the Olympics, she shocked everyone by declining citizenship. The reason was strictly economical. The country was in the depths of the Great Depression

and Walsh had recently lost her job as a filing clerk with the New York Central Railroad in Cleveland. Suddenly out of work, Walsh offered her racing services to whichever country — the United States or Poland — provided her with the best job offer.

Offers came from the Polish consul in New York and the mayor of Cleveland. After consideration, she accepted a position in the office of the Polish consul. She would represent Poland at the Olympics.

“I am running for Poland because I am a Pole,” she later told American reporters. “Polish people, both in this country and in my native land, were the first to give me help to go to big meets, and for them I will compete again.” Her decision was controversial. While many agreed with her choice, others argued she showed poor taste in forsaking her adopted homeland.

The first time Hilda Strike met Stella Walsh was at the 1932 Olympic Games. Strike thought Walsh was pleasant enough, but different.

“She didn’t stay in the hotel with us,” Strike later recalled. “She was with her male coach



Above: Helen Stephens of the United States (left) and Poland's Stella Walsh at the 1936 Berlin Olympics. After complaints by the Polish press, officials checked Stephens' anatomy to confirm she was female.

all alone, all the time. She would come in her sweatsuit and leave like that."

Strike found it odd that Walsh never showered with the other female athletes. She stayed aloof.

"We never spoke more than ten to twenty words to each other the whole time we were in Los Angeles," Strike said.

When the time came for the 100-metre final, a whistle called the runners to their places on the track. The stadium grew quiet. Strike moved to her spot in the third lane. Planting her feet in the starting holes, she readied herself.

"On your mark," the starter commanded. She tensed. Up the track she could see the string stretched across the finishing line. "Set." She lifted her hips, ready to propel herself forward.

But, before the gun sounded, a runner broke. It was one of the Americans. The starter walked over and warned her that if it happened again she would be disqualified. Once more, the women waited for the commands. "On your mark. Set."

The gun fired.

Strike exploded off her mark and in two strides was a metre in front. According to Canadian women's Olympic team manager Alexandrine Gibb, who wrote an eyewitness report on the race for the August 3, 1932 *Toronto Daily Star*, Strike tore up the track "like a cyclone," and for the first forty metres it appeared no one would beat her. But in the fifth lane the world-record holder, Walsh, was "labouring mightily" to catch the tiny Canadian. A slow starter, "the big husky Polish girl with the mannish frame" — as Gibb described her — was rapidly picking up momentum. The gap between Walsh and the speedy Strike was narrowing. At the seventy-metre mark Walsh closed on the Canadian, and over the remaining thirty metres the two fought for the lead.

The crowd was on its feet and in an uproar as the two runners raced neck and neck approaching the finishing line. But the Polish runner was too strong for Strike. With her arms and legs "working like pistons," she forged ahead at the last moment. Race judges determined Walsh won by about thirty centimetres. However, both runners officially clocked the same world-record time of 11.9 seconds — Olympic races were not measured in hundredths of a second until 1952, when advances in technology made more precise measurement possible.

The race over, Strike and Walsh shook hands. It had been a two-women contest. American Wilhelmina von Bremen was third and the rest of the field lagged behind. "I ran as fast as I could," Strike said afterwards. "But Stella ran faster."

Five days later, Strike suffered a second disappointment. Running the anchor leg for the Canadian 4 x 100-metre relay team, she finished second to von Bremen of the U.S. And again it was close — both teams finished with the same official time of forty-seven seconds.

Stella Walsh returned to Poland a national hero. Meanwhile, Hilda Strike was voted the country's greatest woman athlete of 1932 by Canadian sports editors. Two years later, the Montreal runner achieved additional renown at the British Empire Games in London, England, by winning silver medals in the 100-yard dash and 440-yard relay.

Yet Gibb noticed a change. "The keen edge of competition has worn off for Hilda," she said. It was true. At the end of the year Strike announced her engagement to Fred Sisson of Montreal; she retired from competition in the spring.

Walsh raced on. At the Berlin Olympics in 1936, she again represented Poland in the 100-metre race. This time she finished a disappointing second in the final behind eighteen-year-old Helen Stephens of the United States, who set a new world record of 11.5 seconds. At six feet tall, Stephens towered over Walsh.

Newspapers of the time noted that both Stephens and Walsh had masculine-looking facial features and muscle patterns. Walsh was eventually tagged with the nickname "Stella the Fella."

After Stephens won the gold, a Polish newspaper provoked a tempest that would prove ironic later on. The paper accused Stephens of being a man, adding that Walsh would have won the event if she had competed "only against women." German Olympic officials responded by saying they had examined Stephens and had established her sex as female beyond a doubt.

In 1947, Walsh finally accepted American citizenship. She also married boxer Neil Olson. However, the marriage did not last. She continued to compete into her forties and attempted to qualify for the American Olympic team in 1956 and 1960.

"Every year I think of retiring," she said. "But I get out on the track with the youngsters and want to run myself." In 1975 Walsh was inducted into the United States Track and Field Hall of Fame.

Meanwhile, Hilda Strike-Sisson coached runners until

the Second World War. In 1972, she became a member of Canada's Sports Hall of Fame. By now, the Los Angeles Olympics were a distant memory. Yet an old adversary stayed in touch. Every holiday season a Christmas card would arrive from Walsh. Why she sent them was a puzzle. "We weren't so chummy," Strike-Sisson said. Still, she saved them all, souvenirs of a time long ago.

But a tragic event in 1980 would bring the memories flooding back.

On the evening of December 5, 1980, Walsh got into her car and drove to a discount store on the southeast side of Cleveland to buy ribbons for a welcoming ceremony for the Polish Olympic women's basketball team. In the store's parking lot, she was confronted by an armed attacker, who shot her in the abdomen.

An off-duty detective found her lying next to her car. Rushed to the hospital in critical condition, Walsh died as doctors operated. She was sixty-nine. It was a sad end to the life of an Olympic champion and one-time world record holder.

The story might have ended there, except that the autopsy revealed a secret that she had carried with her all her life. The coroner's office report stated that Walsh had ambiguous genitalia and abnormal sex chromosomes with both male and female characteristics. She had lived her entire sixty-nine years as a woman while keeping her intersex condition private. It was now in the public eye.

For Strike-Sisson, the startling news answered questions about Walsh she had harboured for almost fifty years. It explained why the Polish athlete never showered with the other female competitors at the Olympics and why she didn't stay at the hotel with them. As for the Christmas cards, Strike-Sisson surmised, "Maybe she felt guilty."

Questions were raised about Walsh's records and results. Many felt the gold medal now belonged to Strike-Sisson. On the eve of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics, Strike-Sisson received calls from all over the world about the gold medal. "We all thought she would get the medal," her granddaughter, Cheryl Toomey, said. "The newspapers were reporting that she would."

Yet it never happened. The Athletic Congress, which governed American track and field competition, decided there was insufficient evidence to prove Walsh a man. The International Amateur Athletic Federation and the International Olympic Committee agreed.

"I was disappointed, but I'm not sure what's going on," Hilda said at the time. Four years later, just before the Seoul Olympics, she was again questioned about the gold medal. By now, she realized it was a dead issue. "I won't ask for it," she told a reporter. "The International Amateur Athletic Federation knows where I am."

She was still waiting for their call when she died on March 9, 1989.

Today in Cleveland, on Broadway Avenue, there is a

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ OF UNCERTAIN SEX

The recent controversy over whether South African sprinter Caster Semenya should be allowed to compete as a woman has brought into the open an issue that has most often been hidden. Here is some background about the issue.

- The term *hermaphrodite* — historically used to describe people possessing both female and male characteristics — comes from the Greek deity Hermaphroditus, a mythological winged god whose body was fused with that of a water nymph.

- *Intersex* is considered a more acceptable term for this condition today.

- It's estimated that one in one hundred people is born with a body that differs from standard male or female anatomy.

- In one in 1,500 to 2,000 births, the sex of a baby is so unclear that a specialist in sex differentiation has to be called in.

- Historically, midwives or local elders appear to have decided the sex of babies whose bodies didn't fit the norm.

- In the late 1800s, doctors began to realize that atypical anatomies were relatively common and they created a standard for classifying people with intersex conditions.

- In the 1950s, doctors at John Hopkins University developed a system called "optimal gender of rearing" in which babies with atypical genitals were assigned a sex and subjected to surgery and hormonal treatments as children to make them look "normal."

- Intersex advocates today believe that people born with an intersex condition should generally be allowed to grow to maturity and then decide for themselves about medical treatment.

Source: Intersex Society of North America



Caster Semenya

city-owned recreation centre named after Stella Walsh. In Canada, Hilda Strike, one of only four Canadian women to win two medals in track and field at a single Olympic Games, remains largely unknown. ●

Et Cetera

The Girl and the Game: A History of Women's Sport in Canada by M. Ann Hall. Broadview Press Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario, 2002.

The Matchless Six: The Story of Canada's First Women's Olympic Team by Ron Hotchkiss. Tundra Books, Toronto, 2006.

Of beginnings and endings

The hidden history behind uniquely Canadian website addresses.

We imagine cyberspace as borderless. The Web is worldwide, isn't it? Yet so many sites we go to — to get weather or stock reports, to buy things, to read the news, to browse this magazine's website — have that purely Canadian ending: dot-ca. There's a history to that.

One historic choice was made in 1987, when a computer scientist in Vancouver emailed a researcher in California and said, more or less, "When there's an Internet, can I be in charge of Canada, please?" Okay, sure, came the reply. Dot-ca was born, and John Demco began building one key part of Canada's Internet presence.

John Demco was a University of British Columbia graduate student then, but he was already involved in the long process of linking computers together. As the online history *A Nation Goes Online* reports, the Science Council of Canada had predicted "a trans-Canada computer communications network" as early as 1971. In Canadian labs and research institutes, scientists were beginning to link big central mainframe computers to remote terminals, and then to devise ways for the terminals to connect to each other. "There was no Internet then, but there were researchers interested in having their computers communicate, and there were technical experts building out the connections," Demco told me recently.

The 1980s saw the blossoming of small networks that served clusters of universities and institutes. "The physicists were very active," recalls Demco. Particularly at large research facilities around the world, "they were quite eager, you might say, to get beyond the stage of sending magnetic tapes in the mail."

Demco's own computer science research involved addresses for networked terminals ("Email was a subject for



ISTOCK

research then!" he says). That drew him into international collaboration. By the mid-1980s, he was also a volunteer administrator of CDNnet, an early system linking Canadian computers to each other and to the growing international networks. He was well placed for the next step.

The emerging "Internet," mostly in the United States, was just beginning to standardize the now familiar @ symbol and endings like dot-gov, dot-com, and dot-edu. There was a grandly named

Internet Assigned Names Authority (IANA), but, Demco says, "Really, it was one person, Jon Postel. Just as with telephones, every place on the network needed a number. Jon maintained the list. If you added a host, he would add the name to his list. That was the beginning of domain-name systems." In 1987, dot-edu, for educational institutions, was the largest domain on the Internet. It had about six hundred addresses. The potential for growth was evident, and IANA began to

consider adding national domains.

That was when Demco approached Postel and Postel gave him responsibility for assigning Canadian addresses. There was nothing very official about it. "Governments had no conception of the importance of the Internet," says Demco, and neither did the telephone companies. "It was only particular researchers and institutes that had an interest." John Demco, with an informal committee he organized, was dot-ca.

As a staff member at U.B.C.'s computer sciences department, with a computer under his desk and heaps of faxes on top of it, Demco ran dot-ca in his spare time. He assigned the very first dot-ca address, the University of Prince Edward Island's upei.ca, on January 12, 1988, and until the year 2000 he allocated every single dot-ca in existence. In 1988 he registered less than a hundred, but

soon the public and commercial Internet blossomed. By 2000, when he gratefully transferred his responsibilities to a new agency, the Canadian Internet Registry Authority (CIRA), there were 100,000 dot-ca addresses. Today there are a million and a half.

Does a Canadian presence on the Internet matter? For Byron Holland, CEO of CIRA, it does. He notes how a business using dot-ca is bound by Canadian laws and consumer regulations, unlike a dot-com or dot-net that could be anywhere. Even a big American site like the bookseller Amazon routes its Canadian-dollar shipments and sales through Amazon.ca.

Holland believes CIRA and dot-ca "perform well above our weight class" in international forums. "It's a multi-stakeholder model — industry, country-code agencies, governments, civil society, all

treated equally." Not all governments, he observes, support an open and accountable Internet. "It is critical for us to be there, to see the Internet go the way we want it to go."

It goes deeper than that. "The Internet is a global resource, but it includes many communities and tribes, and people want to be associated with communities. The national one, dot-ca, is important. Canada has a certain brand, and it's a positive brand." Market research suggests Canadians actually put more trust in Canadian Web addresses than generic dot-com ones.

Surprise — the national identity is alive and well and thriving in cyberspace. The domain John Demco built is proof of it. 🇨🇦



Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.

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Wonderful Washow

A journey to Cree land near Moose Factory reveals nature's delights. by Katherine McIntyre



Morning mist rises from the Harricanna River near Washow Lodge.

TRAVEL FOR PEACE

On traditional Moose Cree territory, a pine log lodge — shaped like a bird in flight — emerges in the midst of a naturalist's paradise on the remote shores of the Harricanna River, ten kilometres from James Bay.

Once a Hudson's Bay Company fur-trading outpost, and then a goose-hunting camp, this brand new twelve-room ecolodge, wrapped in Moose Cree culture and traditions, opened in March 2010. I was lucky to have a pre-opening visit and to hear plans and stories from local elders.

But just travelling to Washow Lodge is part of my story. Boarding Ontario Northland Railway, I head straight north from Toronto's Union Station on my way to Moose Factory Island. Farmland quickly melds into the cottage country's granite shield. October's red maples give way to

the yellows and oranges of birch and poplar. Then forests of ragged, black spruce signal that we are in the North. Suddenly, like a mirage, hectares of farmland materialize out of the boreal forest. An international ploughing match is taking place at Englehart, Ontario. More than two thousand RVs make up a temporary city for the three-day competition.

My journey pauses at Cochrane's Station Inn for an overnight stay. The trip resumes the next morning on the Northland's flag-stop train, one of the last in Canada to pick up passengers who signal it to stop by waving a flag.

Once part of Rupert's Land, Moose Factory Island is a flourishing northern community with a brand new youth centre, a sports arena, the Cree Village Ecolodge — one of Canada's first ecolodges — and its own radio

station. It was the original headquarters for the Hudson's Bay Company's fur trade. Now, not much is left of its fur trade history. Its museum, in the white clapboard staff house where Hudson's Bay clerks slept and ate, is closed. A little cemetery for former company workers is overgrown and small buildings in a pioneer museum are boarded up. That will soon change, I'm told, when a plan to restore Moose Factory's historic sites gets underway.

A bush pilot in a float plane picks me up. We fly over James Bay's watery lowlands — an endless patchwork of muskeg interwoven with narrow, winding rivers and small, blue lakes — and arrive at Washow Lodge. Members of the Moose Cree First Nation planned this new wilderness lodge on their ancestral land where the Cree have been hunting geese for over two thousand years.



The lodge is eco-efficient — using solar energy, natural materials, and wood-burning fireboxes. It manages all waste and is heavily insulated for cold winter nights.

A special dinner of moose meat stew and bannock was waiting for me in the pine log dining room. Said Kitty Visitor, a First Nation elder, “We wanted you to have a traditional dinner.”

“But when our guests come,” adds Becky Pelkonen, the marketing manager, “a chef will add a gourmet twist to local foods.”

As we sit around the dining room table, Sinclair Trapper, Washow’s operations manager, describes how he followed his parents’ traplines when he was a boy: “I will share these memories and lots of other stories with our guests.”

Part of the Washow experience will include guided excursions to James Bay for hikes along its coast, shore dinners, fishing, and kayaking. Guests will be able to enjoy

the abundant wildlife, such as the beluga whales that swim in the waters off the lodge, or the foxes — one of which loped alongside the lodge’s veranda during my visit. With more than three species of birds, avian enthusiasts also have plenty to keep them busy.

Looking back, one of my fondest memories was watching Kitty Visitor create a model of a bird from fine tamarack shoots. I also enjoyed chugging in a freighter canoe through a maze of lowland grasses at sunset, watching a moose swim across the river, sighting hundreds of migrating geese, and winding up my day in a Finnish sauna.

As I settled in for the night under a goose down duvet, in a room warmed by a small stove, I couldn’t help but think that every Canadian should discover the wonders of Canada’s North. 🇨🇦

Katherine McIntyre is a freelance travel writer who lives in Toronto.

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Canadian publishers are dedicated to producing quality books that tell Canada's story to Canadians. We're delighted to be a part of that community, working with HarperCollins this fall on the paperback edition of *100 Photos That Changed Canada*, but also as a proud partner in Penguin's newly announced History of Canada series. Produced under the Allen Lane imprint, the first book, Dan Snow's *Death or Victory: The Battle of Quebec and the Birth of an Empire*, is excerpted in this issue of *Canada's History*.

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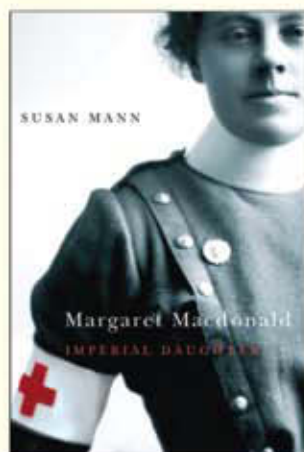
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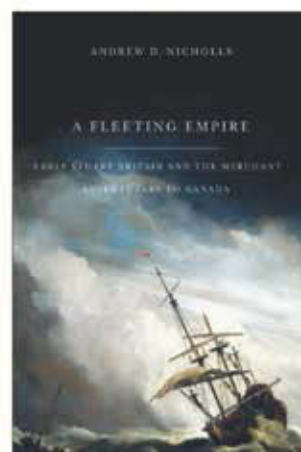
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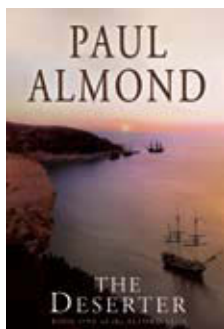


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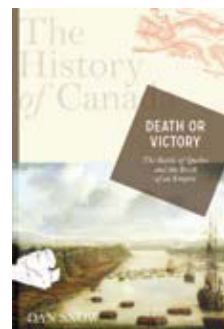


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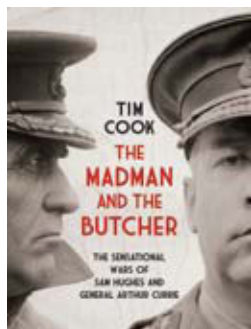


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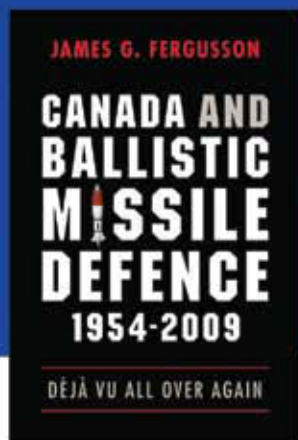
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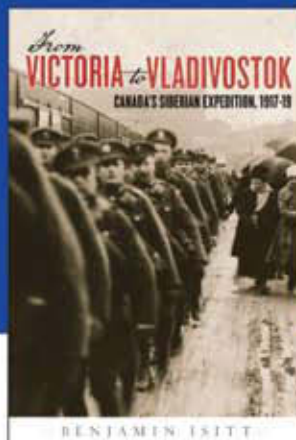
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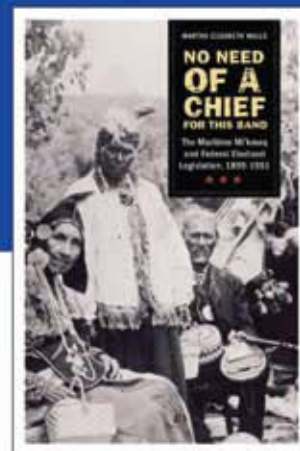
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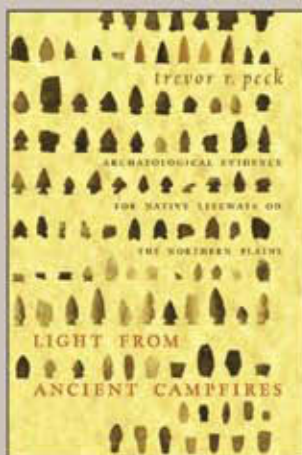


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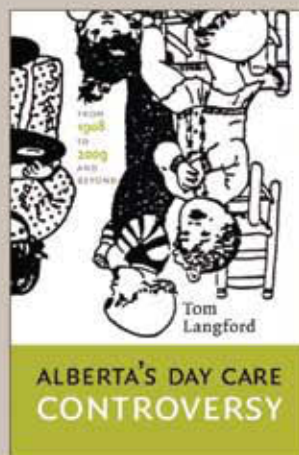
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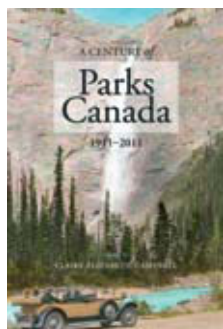
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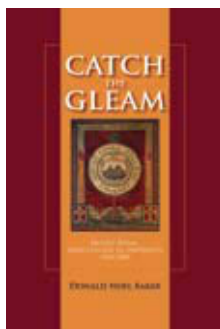


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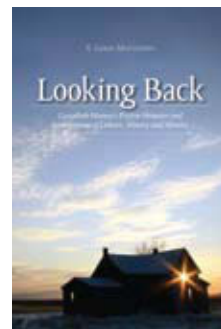


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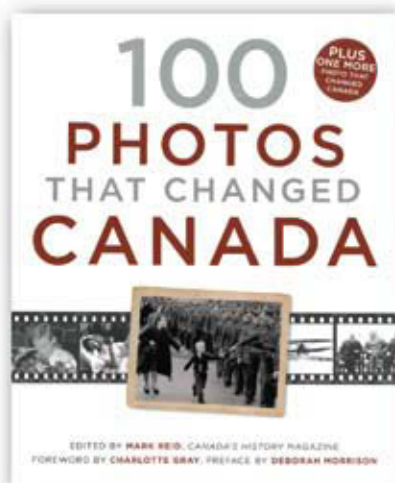
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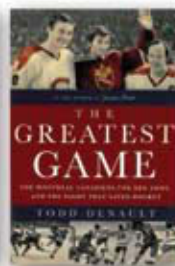
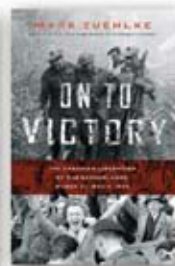
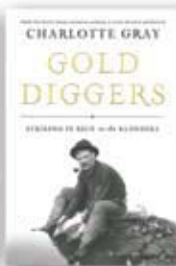
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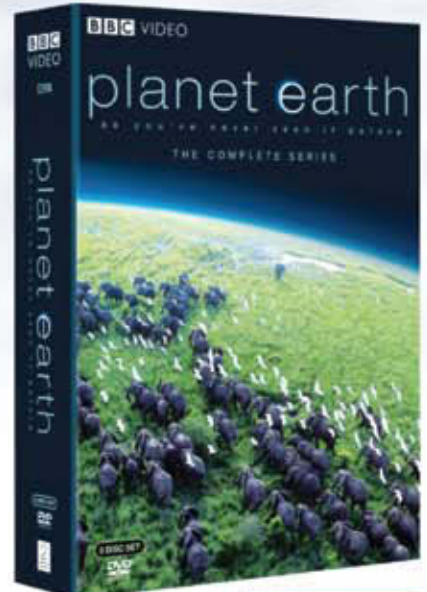
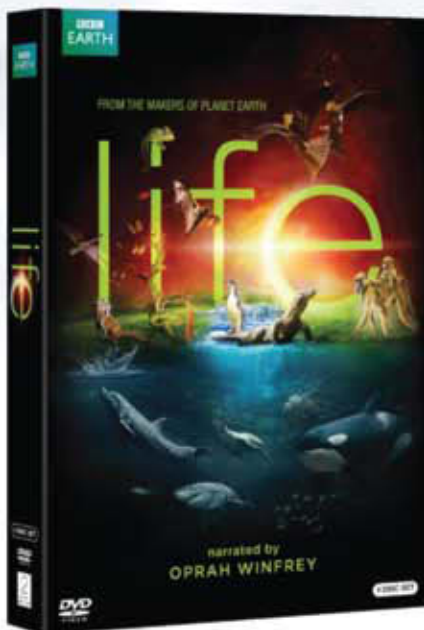
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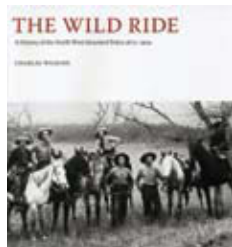
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MOUNTED HEROES

The Wild Ride: A History of the North West Mounted Police 1873-1904

by Charles Wilkins

Stanton Atkins & Dosil Publishers, Vancouver, 2010
234 pp., illus., \$45 hardcover

There is very little not to like about this book. It tells brightly written stories about the early years of Canada's iconic police force, it is richly illustrated, and it is attractively laid out.

The book begins with a literal bang — the painfully long and drawn-out execution by firing squad of land surveyor Thomas Scott by the rebel forces of Metis leader Louis Riel in 1870. The West seems poised to descend into lawlessness and rebellion; the government of the new country of Canada responds by sending in the troops of the Wolseley Expedition, the nascent country's first real effort to enforce the laws on its northwestern frontier.

Three years later, another dreadful act, the massacre of a band of Assiniboine at Cypress Hills by a gang of drunk American "wolfers" — so named for "hunting" wolves by poisoning bison meat with strychnine — prompted an emergency response by the Canadian government. A permanent police force for the Northwest was rapidly signed into law. Young men in Eastern Canada were recruited with lightning speed and sent west in the autumn of 1873, just as winter was descending on the land.

Charles Wilkins is unsparing in his description of how difficult it was for the fresh recruits — some had never before mounted a horse or fired a rifle — to make their way through the bogs of what is now northwestern Ontario in blizzards and freezing rain. In their haste, organizers of the 150-man expedition had failed to provide winter

gear. No gloves, no hats, and boots that fell apart in the freezing water. By the time they reached Fort Garry (present-day Winnipeg) many were walking on bundled rags, fuelled by a sparse diet of rotten pork.

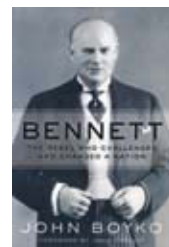
They persevered, however. They were the first of waves of law officers who would descend on the frontier over the decades, enforcing liquor laws, guarding railway construction sites, mediating disputes, bringing order to the goldfields, and even delivering the mail.

Wilkins pays special attention to the complex relationship between the North West Mounted and the indigenous peoples of the prairies. In the beginning, the men in red serge were appreciated for driving out the American whisky traders and bringing some order to a world increasingly marked by disease, starvation, and war. There was genuine friendship between Superintendent James Walsh and Chief Sitting Bull, who led his people into the relative safety of Canada to escape almost certain slaughter by American soldiers. The chiefs placed their trust in people like Commissioner James Macleod, who was responsible for bringing the Blackfoot Confederacy to the treaty table.

However, as more and more settlers arrived, relations between the police and the native people deteriorated. The NWMP were now enforcers who leaned on the tribal people to make them stick to their reserves. This became especially true after the Northwest Rebellion of 1885. Wilkins only mentions this less flattering image in passing, however. In the next chapter, the NWMP are back to being the incorruptible heroes who cleaned up the Yukon gold rush under larger-than-life Commissioner Sam Steele.

This is a feel-good book about the NWMP. There is probably no country in the world other than Canada that has elevated a police force to such a mythic status. *Wild Ride* goes a long way in explaining why this came about.

Reviewed by **Nelle Oosterom**, the Associate Editor of *Canada's History*.



MISUNDERSTOOD LEADER

Bennett: The Rebel Who Challenged and Changed a Nation

by John Boyko

Key Porter Books, Toronto, 2010
504 pp., illus., \$34.95 hardcover

R.B. Bennett was Canada's eleventh prime minister and served the country during the Great Depression. A fascinating Canadian worthy of study, no academic biography has previously been written about him. Therefore many greeted the arrival of John Boyko's *Bennett: The Rebel Who Challenged and Changed a Nation* with enthusiasm.

Bennett was born in 1870 in New Brunswick, where he was raised, educated, and began his career. He practised law briefly before heading west to Calgary in 1897.

He was extraordinarily successful in both business and law, and no other prime minister amassed as large a fortune before taking the office. Yet Bennett had the great misfortune of being elected prime minister in 1930 as Canada entered the second year of the Great Depression, which struck Canada harder than any other industrialized nation.

He was defeated badly in the 1935 election, not so much by Mackenzie King and the Liberal party, but by H.H. Stevens, a senior Conservative cabinet minister who resigned and led his own party, the Reconstruction Party, into the election. While Reconstruction won only one seat, it took 8.6 per cent of the popular vote — as much as the CCF and twice as much as Social Credit. The Liberal seat count skyrocketed from 88 to 171 with only a 0.5 per cent increase in popular vote.

The Conservative Party, being the Conservative Party, made it difficult for Bennett, so he not only resigned as leader

but left Canada for the United Kingdom in late 1939. In Britain he was admitted to the House of Lords for his wartime service, becoming the 1st Viscount Bennett of Mickleham, Calgary and Hopewell. He died in 1947 and is buried in England, the only former Canadian prime minister not buried in Canada.

Unfortunately, Boyko's *Bennett* is not a particularly good biography, although it is a good read.

This is not to say there are not some good points about the book. Boyko emphasizes the problems created for Canada's trade balance by the Fordney-McCumber Tariff of 1922 and also deals well with the problems caused by H.H. Stevens and the fractious nature of the Conservative Party. However, the book's good points are obscured by numerous errors ranging from minor, to puzzling, to significant.

Boyko is particularly weak in his knowledge of Western Canada. He writes of the old saw of "foreign" immigrants settling the Canadian prairies. But other errors are less understandable. He has Mackenzie King beating John Diefenbaker (on the wrong month) in an early 1926 by-election, but Diefenbaker and King did not clash until the general election later that year. Boyko refers to Jimmy Gardiner first as the premier of Manitoba and then, thirteen pages later — but this time correctly — as the premier of Saskatchewan.

The author clearly has a bias against Bennett's Conservative predecessor Arthur Meighen. The description of the World War I railway crisis doesn't mention Bennett's close association with the CPR.

Then there are puzzling errors, such as mention of Italian prisoners of war during World War I, when Italy was an Allied nation; the reference to 1933–34 as Bennett's last full fiscal year; and discussing the low share prices of the CNR, which was then a government-owned railway.

The minor errors are too numerous to mention but include misspelling Lord Chancellor Haldane's name, stating that the CPR built the Chateau Laurier, and claiming that Sir Joseph Flavelle was president of

the Hudson's Bay Company.

Of greater concern are strong assertions not based in fact. For example, Boyko writes, "the banks helped move the country from recession to depression." His evidence for this is the fact that the Royal Bank's loans declined dramatically from 1929 to 1933, but he ignores the fact that there have to be deposits before there can be loans.

While there is no doubt a need for an insightful biography of the man who led Canada through the Great Depression, this book does not fill that need.

Reviewed by **Joe Martin**, author of *Relentless Change*, director of business history at the Rotman School of Management, and the Albany Club historian.

More Books



The Politics of Command:
Lieutenant-General A.G.L. McNaughton
and the Canadian Army, 1939–1943
by John Nelson Rickard
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2010
416 pp., illus., \$46.95 hardcover

Senior British and Canadian officers charged that the charismatic A.G.L. McNaughton did not have the skills to command an army and was a poor trainer of men. Despite being the figurehead of Canada's overseas army, he was fired in late 1943.

Historian John Rickard builds a strong case based on newly uncovered official and personal papers in order to understand McNaughton's decisions within the context of the Second World War, and he is ultimately convincing in rehabilitating the general's reputation. However, this is a book for specialists.

While Rickard leaves few stones unturned in the five years under his microscope — McNaughton's senior commands that spanned the years 1939 to 1943 — he leaves entire fields unplowed. One is left wondering how Rickard would assess McNaughton's pre-war career as a soldier and public servant, or his disastrous foray

into politics in 1944 and 1945, or his very good work as a senior diplomat.

Nonetheless, this is an important study in that it deepens our understanding of McNaughton while revealing the sometimes-nasty relationship between senior British and Canadian generals.

— **Tim Cook**



Charlotte: The Last Suffragette
by Dave Mullington
General Store Publishing House,
Renfrew, Ontario, 2010
390 pp., illus., \$30 paperback

Dave Mullington's biography of the gutsy Charlotte Whitton, who became the first woman mayor of a major Canadian city when she was elected in Ottawa in 1951, has a surprising twist. His take on the passionate, outspoken social-reform advocate who broke barriers and succeeded because of a take-no-prisoners approach is oddly dispassionate.

Most famous for saying that "Whatever women do, they must do it twice as well as men to be thought half as good. Luckily, this is not difficult," Whitton remains a fascinating study in contradictions. A foremother of Canada's child welfare protection laws as executive secretary of the Canadian Council on Social Welfare in 1926, Whitton was a lifelong conservative, a conservationist, a supporter of equal pay for women, and a welfare consultant who disparaged Manitoba's degenerate "white trash" population.

Whitton also occupies a place in gay history. Her twenty-year relationship with Margaret Grier has been politely dubbed a "Boston marriage." Mullington acknowledges that the two were treated as a couple, but then insists "there was nothing to suggest the women's relationship was a sexual one."

Happily, Whitton's unsterile life manages to leap from the page, in spite of Mullington's effort to keep her within the more comfortable margins of history.

— **Penni Mitchell**

REVIEWS



The Secret Life of Glenn Gould:

A Genius in Love

by Michael Clarkson

ECW Press, Toronto, 2010

300 pp., illus., \$28.95 hardcover

Although most Canadians are aware of

Glenn Gould's talent as a pianist, much of his personal life has remained an enigma. In *The Secret Life of Glenn Gould: A Genius in Love*, author Michael Clarkson reveals areas of Gould's life that he tried to keep private.

Learning more about the women who

captured the pianist's imagination and emotions, one can't help but wonder, is this voyeurism? And, more importantly, would Gould have created such haunting music if not for these love affairs?

His first influence was his very demanding mother, Florence Emma Greig Gold (later changed to Gould), who told her son that he "was a special gift to the world and perhaps even a reincarnation of a composer." She has been blamed for much of his "self-worship" and numerous other problems in his later life.

While his music was personality-driven and was at the core of his existence, the people who undoubtedly had the greatest impact on his career were his muses, who included Frances (Franny) Batchen, Verna Sandercock, Cornelia Foss, Roxolana Roslak, and Monica Gaylord, among others.

Gould was a handsome man who liked an attractive lady by his side. Clarkson is the first to interview many of Gould's loves and to fill in the gaps of his carefully controlled public image.

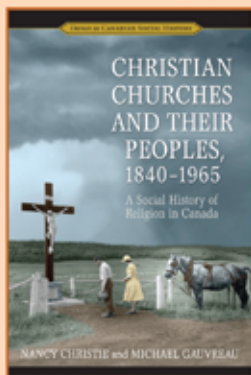
Cornelia Foss, his companion of five years, left her Los Angeles home and husband — the equally dynamic composer, conductor, and pianist Lukas Foss — to be near Gould in Toronto. However, after a paranoid situation that lasted several hours, Foss cried, "Good grief, am I going to bring up my children in this environment?" She later returned to her husband.

History has already put Gould in his rightful place as a musical genius, albeit one permeated with eccentricities and obsessions. In spite of rumours surrounding Gould's sexuality — as well as his anxieties, pill-popping, and fixation with germs — he has been characterized as being attentive, playful, and loving with girlfriends, children, and animals. Foss and others noted that he was "an extremely heterosexual man."

Many of Gould's attempts at domesticity were short-lived, but together they give us a better understanding of the man behind the music.

— B.T.

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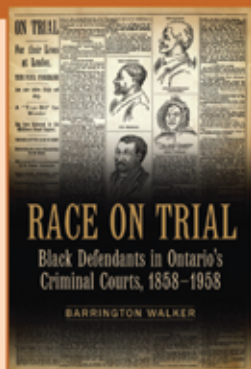
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William C. Van Horne: Railway Titan
by Valerie Knowles
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2010
214 pp., illus., \$19.99 paperback

Valerie Knowles' competent survey of the life and times of William Van Horne is the latest volume in the highly accessible Quest series of biographies of significant Canadians.

The book tracks Van Horne's epic career from the age of eleven, when he was a self-taught telegraph operator, to his final international business transactions in the weeks before his death at the age of seventy-two. However, it's Knowles' ability to bring the personality behind the legendary business magnate to life that makes the book such an enjoyable read.

She chronicles his love of family and practical jokes as well as his passionate interests in food, art, graphic design, and geology — each of which, she illustrates, informed and shaped his business development decisions for the Canadian Pacific Railway in significant ways.

As with all titles in the Quest series, this book includes a chronology of events and a bibliography. It makes for a wonderful entry point into the life and times of one of Canada's most successful entrepreneurs.

For those looking for more on Van Horne, Knowles also authored a longer, award-winning biography in 2004, entitled *From Telegrapher to Titan: The Life of William C. Van Horne*. — D.M.



Vimy Ridge and Arras: The Spring 1917 Offensive in Panoramas
by Peter Barton
Dundurn Press, Toronto, 2010
312 pp., illus., \$45 hardcover

Vimy Ridge and Arras: The Spring 1917 Offensive in Panoramas presents an interesting look at Canada's most famous battle.

Published by the Imperial War Museum in the United Kingdom, the book places the First World War Battle of Vimy Ridge in the context of the larger Battle of Arras, largely neglected in most Canadian writings.

Reading about Vimy from the British perspective, without the national fervour that is generally taken for granted in the Canadian context, readers might mistake it for an extremely successful battle, rather than the birth of a nation.

As if to emphasize the lack of awareness about Vimy in Europe, the original British publication was simply titled *Arras*, with Vimy Ridge taking the top billing for the Canadian edition.

The strength of the book, though, is the spectacular panoramas of the battlefields, which have been supplemented with present-day images. They are definitely worth a look, especially for the interested military historian, as they express the vastness of the wasteland that was the Western Front. — J.R.



Therapeutics: The Rise and Fall of Lea Hindley-Smith's Psychoanalytic Commune
by Grant Goodbrand
ECW Press, Toronto, 2010
300 pp., illus., \$32.95 hardcover

Therapeutics is the remarkable story of a unique commune that flourished in the Toronto area in the 1970s. Founded by the charismatic Lea Hindley-Smith, who had no formal training in psychoanalysis, the community had nine hundred followers and a flourishing real estate empire that included houses, farms, and vacation property.

Many of those involved lived communally and were engaged in intensive group therapy while building and running a large organic farm and other enterprises. But like many communes of that era, this one was destined to founder. Scandal, infighting, financial collapse, and the matriarch's own physical and mental breakdown sealed Therapeutics' fate.

The book is written by a former insider who admires Hindley-Smith's apparent intuitive genius but spares no criticism when describing the weaknesses of her movement. Among the most devastating faults was the fact that despite Hindley-Smith's insistence on complete honesty from her followers, she had fabricated her own life story and her credentials. The final

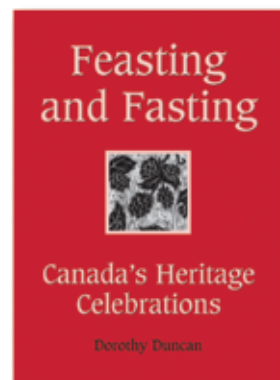
ENDURING LEGACIES



Royal Tours 1786-2010
Home to Canada

by Arthur Bousfield and Garry Toffoli

Beautifully illustrated, featuring photos from Queen Elizabeth II's June visit, this is a penetrating look at the tours of 11 royals who were or would be monarchs, viceroys, and commanders-in-chief of Canada, from 1786 to 2010, with insights on how the tours shaped Canada. Written by the authors of *Queen and Consort*.



Feasting and Fasting
Canada's Heritage Celebrations

by Dorothy Duncan

An exploration of the foods and celebrations from Canada's past; encompassing the traditions of First Nations people and newcomers, up to 1931. Written by Culinary Book Gold Award winner and author of *Nothing More Comforting* and *Canadians at Table* the book captures the rich culinary traditions of generations past.

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chapter contains surprising revelations about who Hindley-Smith really was.

Therafields is at times heavy with the historic minutiae of administration and finance, but when the story turns to the triumphs and tragedies of the main characters involved it makes for good reading. — N.O.



**A Knight in Politics:
A Biography of Sir Frederick Borden**
by Carman Miller
McGill-Queen's University Press,
Montreal, 2010
430 pp., illus., \$49.95 hardcover

Sir Frederick Borden was the minister of militia and defence from 1896 to 1911, making him the longest-serving defence minister in Canada's history. He exerted enormous influence on the country by instigating reforms to the militia, especially in allowing Canadians to serve in the higher command positions that had previously been reserved for British officers.

Borden guided Canada through the South African War (1899 to 1902), during which more than seven thousand Canadians served. These included his son Harold, who was killed overseas. Like so many families, the Bordens were devastated but found a way to carry on.

A Knight in Politics is a masterful work and is the result of over forty years of research by one of Canada's foremost military historians, Carman Miller, former dean of arts at McGill University. Miller explores the interplay of political, military, and social history in this fascinating portrait study that will be required reading for those who wish to understand Canada in the early twentieth century. Borden played a key role in helping to ease Canada forward in its long march to full nationhood. — Tim Cook



**The Strange Demise of British Canada:
The Liberals and Canadian Nationalism
1964-1968**
by C.P. Champion
McGill-Queens University Press,
Montreal, 2010
348 pp., \$32.95 paperback

In *The Strange Demise of British Canada*, C.P. Champion challenges the conventional narrative about contemporary Canada's most revered stories of nationhood and national identity.

Centred in a well-written and well-researched retelling of the battle for a new national flag and the unification of Canada's armed forces, the book offers an interesting exploration of the causes and effects of the rise of Canadian nationalism during the Pearson era. *Strange Demise* outlines a compelling case for the role of British traditions in forming a distinctive, modern identity for our young nation.

Champion concludes that the successful evolution from our colonial past was not a result of a rejection of our "Britishness," but rather because we embraced it. British Canada, he contends, is still very much at the root of our cultural identity, and ever shall be.

Strange Demise will make you re-examine those halcyon days of the 1960s when Canada seemed to come into its own, and it will lead you to think more critically about our national culture and identity. — D.M.



**The Automatiste Revolution:
Montreal, 1941-1960**
by Roald Nasgaard and Ray Ellenwood
Douglas & McIntyre, Vancouver, 2009
160 pp., illus., \$60 hardcover

During and immediately following World War II, a group of Montreal contemporary artists was at the forefront of international innovation and debate. Exhibitions in Montreal, Paris, and New York during the 1940s and 1950s showed that their abstract paintings represented unique and often pioneering responses to questions concerning modern art.

The group that was later dubbed the "Automatistes" began in 1942 with weekly meetings at the Montreal studio of painter and art teacher Paul-Émile Borduas. Its members practised not only painting, but also poetry, playwriting, choreography, and dance.

Some were students of Borduas at the École du meuble, and in their youthful

vitality they drew a connection between the liberating artistic ideas Borduas found in European surrealist writings and their need to escape the stifling social and political climate during Quebec's Duplessis era.

The richly illustrated book *The Automatiste Revolution*, which serves as the catalogue for an eponymously named exhibition, includes a lengthy essay by curator and art historian Roald Nasgaard on the inspirations and innovations of Automatiste painters, as well as writer and translator Ray Ellenwood's shorter essay "Automatisme beyond 'the barracks of plastic arts.'" The latter delves into the various writings, choreographic experiments, and collective activities of the group's members.

None of their activities is better remembered, or stirred more controversy, than the 1948 publication of *Refus global* (total refusal). While a lead manifesto by Borduas attracted the most vitriolic criticism, the book also included writings in various genres by other members of the group. It was wrapped in a striking cover produced by Jean-Paul Riopelle and Claude Gauvreau.

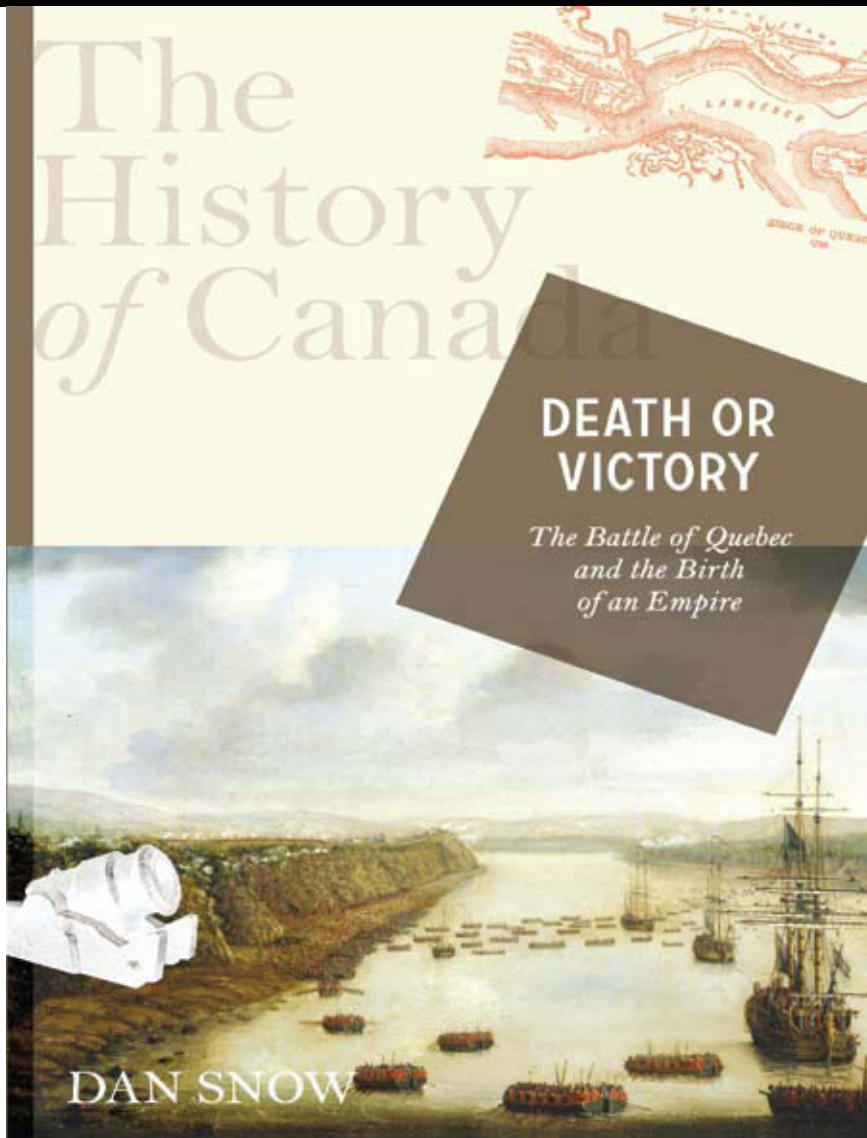
In the wake of its publication, Borduas lost his teaching position, saw his marriage dissolve, and eventually left Montreal to continue painting in New York and later Paris, where he crossed paths with Riopelle, the group's most renowned painter. While some see *Refus global* as presaging the Quiet Revolution of the 1960s, the Automatistes nevertheless inspired following generations of Quebec painters and are remembered as Canada's first truly contemporary art movement. — P.K.

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The Fate of a Continent

As Britain, France, and their respective allies fought the Seven Years War (1756 to 1763), the future of North America ultimately turned on the battle for the city of Quebec, capital of New France. British naval power and Major General James Wolfe squared off in 1759 against French troops under the command of Louis-Joseph, Marquis de Montcalm.

In his new book *Death or Victory: The Battle of Quebec and the Birth of an Empire*, Dan Snow sets the battle and its lasting consequences in the context of global

events. He also describes the often brutal conditions experienced by combatants.

Quebec had been built at a key location along the St. Lawrence River, and the surrounding cliffs provided a natural fortress that was augmented by French fortifications. After a courageous journey up the treacherous St. Lawrence, a British fleet reached Île d'Orléans, just east of Quebec, late in June 1759. The decisive battle would not take place until late in the summer, but in the following excerpt set a week into July, Wolfe was looking for ways to break through French defences.

A New Kind of War

by Dan Snow

The sun was low in the western sky, and Quebec was etched in a bright golden backlight. The long sloping roofs of the Upper Town and the spires of the cathedral flashed as the sun reflected off into the basin below. On the tip of Île d'Orléans the hour had arrived. Wolfe's family journal relates how they had been waiting all day for the light to dip, and "at 8 O'clock in the evening, when the enemy could not see our motions, the general began his march." Half of the tents in the camp had been struck and were now on carts; the other half stood to lull the enemy into thinking that nothing was afoot.

First to leave the camp, of course, were the light infantrymen and the rangers. Wolfe's harsh criticism of the latter, so violent before the campaign started, was now muted. His constant use of them as scouts and to secure the flanks of his army on the march suggested that they had won his grudging respect. These men left camp in a loose formation, dressed in a roguish assortment of gear, their unit denoted only by the dark green jackets that had been found for them. Tomahawks dangled from straps at their waists. Filthy rolled-up blankets were wrapped around their torsos. In their arms most cradled their muskets, while a minority carried longer rifles, which they had carefully loaded before leaving camp. Their flints were good and sharp, the powder and ball rammed home, the frizzen snugly in position, protecting the priming powder. On their heads was a highly irregular assortment of caps and hats made from leather and fur, and many were decorated with flowers and feathers, like young boys playing at soldiers.

Behind them, marching in columns to a regular drumbeat, came the red-coated men of Wolfe's infantry. Their muskets were strictly sloped on their left shoulders, forming the longest side of a triangle with their left arm supporting the butt, a forearm's length away from the body. The rhythmical crunch of their studded shoes on the earth, the rattle of the drummer's

sticks on the tight skin of the drumhead, the jangling of thousands of pans and kettles in backpacks, the clink of flask, and the soft thud of bayonets which swung and bounced against their thighs as the men trudged along, all combined to form the instantly recognizable soundtrack to the men's lives.

It was twilight on July 8, 1759, and over two thousand soldiers were on the march. Wolfe's family journal says "the corps was composed of the Grenadiers of Louisbourg, the light infantry of the line, the grenadiers of the 1st brigade, General Townshend's Brigade and [Captain] Dank's Rangers." Unable to land forces upriver of Quebec, Wolfe was looking elsewhere to break the stalemate on the St. Lawrence.

Earlier that day, Wolfe had found time to reply to an acquaintance, Captain Henry Parr, who had written to him hoping for a job. Wolfe told him that "I have little time for letter writing as you can well fancy at present," and a sense of his frustration is palpable. "Thus far," he continued, "we have done little, although M de Montcalm has suffered badly from our cannon and mortar." However, "tomorrow, all being well, we move a little closer, changing camp to the north bank of the river." To that end the column made its way towards the north shore of the Île d'Orléans, "to that part of the island opposite the falls of Montmorency." Here they would be met by the flat-bottomed boats which would ferry them across to the north bank of the St. Lawrence to the east of the Montmorency falls.

There would be an impressive deception campaign, planned by Wolfe to stop the French concentrating their forces and attempting to repel the landing. "In order to draw the enemy's attention elsewhere the camp was struck at Lévis, and the boats of the fleet assembled there; and Lawrence's battalion [3rd/60th] that were aboard the transports threatened Beauport." This carefully synchronized ballet of all the disparate parts of Wolfe's force should paralyze the French response until the landings were beyond their most vulnerable early stages.

The French spent the night, as they had spent every other since the landings on Île d'Orléans, awake and in their trenches, redoubts, and batteries, expecting a British assault. One journal records that "every night

had been passed under Arms, both in the camp, and in Quebec; from the apprehension that each succeeding night was to be that of the intended disembarkation." As Vice-Admiral Charles Saunders' ships escorted the transports closer to Beauport and around Point Lévis, one French officer commented that there was "a doubt in our camp, whether this motion of the enemy had any real object or design." This officer suggested that the high command regarded this latest movement as another feint and "under this false persuasion, that nothing could be attempted on that side, no measures were taken, either to prevent or disconcert their operations, or to make them purchase their success at a dear rate."

Another admirable deception ploy on the part of Wolfe was, as a French journal noted with dismay the next day, to send his "flat bottomed boats to make a great circuit, all round the east of the Isle d'Orléans." They arrived on the north side of the island, unseen by the French, and just before dawn they took the men across. While the soldiers established a beachhead, Saunders sent ships to provide fire support. British Captain John Montresor saw the *Captain*, sixty-four guns, get as close to the north bank as possible to pound French shore positions. New Englander Captain John Rous with his fifty-gun *Sutherland* also risked the shallow waters on an ebb tide to add his support.

A bomb ketch lobbed mortars at the shore, although Montresor was unimpressed: "bombs fired on the enemy's three encampments near the falls of Montmorency, with little effect as most of the fires were short and the distance great." The mortars were actually more effective than he gave them credit for. One French journal writes that "the English sent a bomb ketch near to the falls of Montmorency, which fired incessantly throughout the whole night, bombs, and balls ... till they forced the Canadians to retire to a less exposed situation."

Whatever the damage caused by the naval gunfire Wolfe's troops were able to splash ashore and start seizing key ground, with no sign of opposition. 🇨🇦



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Exploring identities

Canada's History Forum to study links between history and national identity.

How are national identities formed? Can there be a reconciliation between Aboriginal and colonial perspectives on history? Do contemporary issues and the increasing diversity of our citizenry influence our interpretations of the past? These are just some of the challenging questions that were to be debated and explored at the 2010 Canada's History Forum scheduled for November 18 in Ottawa. The goal of the event — the third national history forum sponsored by Canada's History Society — was to engage the audience in a lively and provocative debate on history, citizenship, and identity.

At press time, the event was just weeks away. In a series of interviews prior to the forum, *Canada's History* spoke to the three renowned international historians who were scheduled to speak at the event.

Peter Furtado, former editor of *History Today* magazine, has been specializing in world history for over twenty-five years. His forthcoming book *The Histories of Nations: How Their Identities Were Formed* is the ninth world history he's been involved in presenting and is his most challenging project to date.

The book invites thirty contributing historians from around the globe to share their perspectives on how they see their own nation's history.

What surprised Furtado was how many of these narratives and perspectives didn't resonate with his own Western ideas about what was important to include in a country's history. For instance, "a West African nation, Ghana ... did not talk a lot about

the slave trade, it's not studied in school, it's not part of the national narrative," he said.

He concludes that there is a significant difference between national history and national narrative, with the latter being the real glue for fostering cohesion among citizens. "The national narrative is a very complicated construct, not constructed by academics," says Furtado. "[It's] constructed at the mother's knee, in myths, and legends, and stories about what happened through the family, and stories politicians want you to believe."

Academics and educators are bystanders in this exercise, he says.

Greg Melleuish, who was also invited to the forum, is an intellectual historian at the University of Wollongong in Australia.

Melleuish is a veteran of Australia's "history wars," a long-running and divisive debate over how to interpret Australia's colonial past, particularly its impact on aboriginal people.

"Underlying the empirical dispute was a much wider, moral dispute over whether European settlement was a good idea or not," says Melleuish. "The debate was taking place at the same time other present-day political decisions were being deliberated, most notably native land claims and, later on, compensation for Australia's 'stolen generation' of mixed-race aborigines who were removed from their families."

Updating the national narrative in the context of these contemporary issues became highly polarized.

On one side was "the black



Peter Furtado



Greg Melleuish



Australia, like Canada, faces the challenge of reconciling Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal perspectives on history.

armband school," accused of presenting a view that focused heavily on the injustices experienced by Aboriginals.

On the other side was "three cheers history" — a patriotic outlook that concentrates on the achievements of the past, including the benefits of economic development.

For Melleuish, the right balance comes with perspective.

"There is a question of morals on the one hand and a question of history on the other — and the two are not

always separated,” he says.

He thinks that sometimes you just have to step back and accept history as history — things that happened.

Melleuish believes a broader world view helps in developing a balanced perspective.

In fact, globalization and the Internet are having an impact on how young people view their heritage and themselves, says Nicole Tutiaux-Guillon, a professor of education specializing in history, geography and citizenship at the Université d’Artois in France.

They see themselves as French, but that identity is predominantly cultivated and reinforced by its presence on television and in books, comics, food, fashion, music, and popular culture.

“They are French because that’s where they are living, not because of any shared connection to [France’s] history,” says Tutiaux-Guillon.

In France, history, geography, and citizenship are taught together, so the curriculum addresses key national events like the French Revolution (1787–1799).

But it also includes an increased focus on the culture and heritage of minorities. For instance, an introduction to Muslim history is part of the curriculum.

Students thus have a better understanding and appreciation for the diversity of cultures that shape French society today.

The international perspectives offered by Tutiaux-Guillon, Melleuish, and Furtado show us that we are not alone.

The history issues Canadians struggle with are issues that challenge many nations, and we have much we can learn from the experiences other countries have had in both the teaching and the commemoration of historical events.

However, there is an even bigger imperative.

Although Canadians devote a lot of energy to defining Canada’s place in the world today, we think less about where we fit in historically.

If the modern world is being brought closer together by technology and a concern for international issues, then

we Canadians will need to develop a better understanding of the histories of other nations.

Understanding how world history views our contributions may surprise us, but it will help us to become more informed global citizens. 🇨🇦

You can listen to the full Forum proceedings on our website at CanadasHistory.ca.



“If you live in a place that is the second-last bus stop on the planet, so to speak ... trying to understand what happened in Australia in the context of what was going on elsewhere at the time helps you to develop a much healthier national understanding of who you are and where you are going to.”

Until recently, Australia has tended to have a fairly insular approach to its history, but Melleuish observes that more students coming into university today are interested in international studies and examining Australia’s history in the context of Asian and European history.

The new Australian history curriculum has more world history in it, he adds.

Tutiaux-Guillon, who was also an invited speaker, has researched young adolescents and the ways they see themselves.

She has discovered that most “have identities that are fluid ... formed more as a result of their social groups than geographic boundaries.”

For instance, many young people increasingly identify with their social networks.

They also comfortably reconcile multiple heritages and identities, rooting them in their ethnic community, their region, their country or continent.



Nicole Tutiaux-Guillon

The Canadian Encyclopedia at 25

Editor-in-chief James Marsh reflects on a quarter-century of informing Canadians about Canada.

The year 2010 marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first publication of the Canadian Encyclopedia. At least one reviewer has called the project “the intellectual equivalent of building the CPR.” If so, then James Marsh has been its chief engineer. Marsh was hired to develop the project in 1980 and has been the encyclopedia’s one and only editor-in-chief. He has seen it evolve from being an exclusively print publication to being online only, and he continues to oversee its daily operations from his office in Edmonton.

Marsh recently posted a three-part history of the Canadian Encyclopedia at www.HistoryWire.ca and took the time to answer a few questions from Canada’s History CEO Deborah Morrison about his experiences.

Deborah Morrison: Tell me about some of your favorite entries in the encyclopedia.

James Marsh: This is always hard and varies over time. In some cases where I was able to match a known writer with an important subject, it turned out very well. So when I first saw Stephen Scobie’s article on Leonard Cohen, and after quoting some lines from the song “The Window,” Scobie wrote, “only Leonard Cohen could conceive of the process of the Word being made Flesh as a stutter — and only Cohen could bless that insight.” Then I thought that the encyclopedia might in some way meet my expectations.

Our article on the northwest coast is typical of hundreds that display the great genius tucked away in corners of this huge land. We used to joke that every article’s opening sentence might have been “Canada is a really big country!”

DM: In the early days there was no French edition. How has the bilingual aspect of the project affected the over-

all operation of the encyclopedia?

JM: The whole process of translation and augmentation of Quebec content was very difficult. Hurtig (publisher of the *Canadian Encyclopedia*) showed little interest but I was in constant touch with the Quebec editors.

They added so many new topics related to Quebec — such as biographies of writers and politicians — and made so many additions to existing articles that it took us years and tens of thousands

philosopher Denis] Diderot might have had for me.

DM: What was the thinking behind bringing the encyclopedia fully online? And will there ever be another print version?

JM: I like to say that the encyclopedia invented the World Wide Web — all the knowledge of the world linked together, portraying a comprehensive notion of cohesiveness. So the Internet is a better home for an encyclopedia.



The Canadian Encyclopedia needs “to realize that the way young people are learning has changed profoundly,” says James Marsh.

of dollars to translate it all. It greatly enhanced the bilingual nature of the encyclopedia and the content related to Quebec.

DM: How have the needs and preferences of Canadian readers changed over time?

JM: Local, local, local. That is how so many have reacted to what is missing or what they would like to see. I do not believe that the country is any less fragmented or regionalized than it was in 1980. That is why we have now encyclopedias of Saskatchewan, B.C., and Manitoba, and a grab-bag attempt at one of Alberta.

The other thing that I am less comfortable with is the mania for pop culture. I am seen as a snob for my focus on the arts and classical music, but even I have to change, as I just approved an article on Justin Bieber, which just might be the end of civilization as we know it, or at least of any regard the ghost of [French

There it can grow, be searched and regularly updated. It will never appear in print again — think of the paper costs! We are at least twice as long as the second edition of four volumes.

DM: Can you complete this sentence: Canadian history needs...?

JM: I could be obvious and say “to be better known,” but from my perspective it needs to realize that the way young people are learning has changed profoundly and to see technological change as an opportunity to reach them with our past.

DM: What is next for the TCE?

JM: What is next, other than more articles and media, of course, is to produce a mobile version, an app, and a revamped student version adapted to the way kids learn these days. 📱



Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada’s History. For the full text of the interview, go to CanadasHistory.ca.

Combing for cousins

Tracking down lost cousins can be a challenge. But it's usually worth the effort. by Paul Jones

Is Janice Nickerson stalking *you*? She's on the phone, googling, visiting archives, doing everything imaginable to locate the great-great-nieces and nephews of a childless centenarian who left a substantial estate in Ontario.

Not *me*, you say. Probably not, but can you honestly claim to know the fate of all your great-grandparents' siblings?

Problem is, even for a professional genealogist like Janice, tracing forward from known ancestors (in this case, the siblings of the deceased) is much more difficult than going back in time. People leave a paper trail of where they were born, went to school and got married. Few — OK, none — are so thoughtful as to document where they will live decades hence, or the names and future spouses of their unborn children and grandchildren.

Then there's the contemporary penchant for anonymity: Unlisted phone numbers and email addresses are tightly guarded from spammers and Janice alike. It's a wonder she can find anyone, and when she does, "they sometimes complain about what took me so long!"

Heir searching is a dramatic example of what genealogists variously describe as seeking lost cousins, descendant searching, or researching forward. Here are more reasons why someone may be looking for you:

Reuniting families: Many nuclear families in the past were separated by adoption, war, or other disruption. Genealogist James Thomson helped reconnect two sisters separated for sixty years, one in Canada and one in England. His research transformed the lives of these two elderly women and their families.

Completing the family tree: Reuniting members of a separated family is the most immediate example of "lost cousin" research undertaken by many family historians, such as Linda Reid. Starting with two ancestors

married in Ireland in 1872, she has tracked descendants of their twelve children and seventeen siblings to Canada, Ireland, the United States, New Zealand, England, Australia, and South Africa. Be ready for surprises, though. Family historian Diana Thomson learned of an illegitimate daughter of her Orkney great-grandmother and was soon



connected with an unguessed-at branch of the family, which she called "a moving and very memorable experience."

Finding memorabilia: Distant cousins often possess amazing family memorabilia. Thomson's Orkney relatives sent her a glorious studio photograph of her great-grandmother's family. My wife's Victoria cousins brought out a family Bible with unique family listings and annotations.

Organizing a family reunion: Knowing everyone in the family is key to a successful reunion. For decades my wife's Jewish relatives held a biennial gathering to celebrate the 1907 arrival in North America of the patriarch and matriarch. Each successive reunion attracted new attendees as research plugged the gaps in the family tree.

Seeking organ donors: On a more serious note, relatives are much more likely to make compatible organ donors than members of the public at large. If you needed

a kidney, how widely could you cast your familial net?

Building a medical pedigree: Is there a genetic disease in your family? A trick question, as *yes* is the only correct answer. This may not be apparent if you know only your birth family and one or two aunts or uncles.

Learning from DNA: With the expected growth in sophistication of autosomal DNA testing, the more genetic reference points in one's immediate family tree, that is, the more "cousins," the better the predictions will be about the unknowns in the tree.

Identifying remains: In one of the most celebrated examples of descendant searching, American genealogist Megan Smolenyak Smolenyak worked for a decade with the U.S. Army tracking down next of kin of soldiers who served in the First and Second World Wars, in Korea, and in Southeast Asia. Genetic testing then confirmed whether newly discovered remains had been correctly identified.

Finally, there's one time when you don't want to research forward in time. Despite your family's long-standing belief that you are descended from one of the fourteen illegitimate children of Charles II, researching forward never makes sense to establish a pedigree. Each generation conservatively produced a quintupling of the number of lines of descent. Compounded over a dozen generations, that amounts to millions of people today. Frankly, it can't be done.

Except in my case. According to my grandmother, we're descended from the composer Handel. Researching backward seemed like an immense challenge, but researching forward was a snap.

Handel died childless, so the story is bogus — or a real scoop! 🍷



Paul Jones, a former publisher, is a writer, a consultant and an avid genealogical researcher and volunteer.

Ready to rock



Scottish immigrants brought the game of curling to Canada. It has been suggested that the first matches were played during the Seven Years War of 1756 to 1763, when Scottish troops melted down cannonballs to fashion iron curling rocks. In 1807, twenty merchants in Montreal formed Canada's first curling club. Other cities followed.

As the population grew, small clubs popped up in communities in the Western provinces. By 1888 Winnipeg had become the hub of the game and a bonspiel in the city attracted a total of eighty-two rinks.

The first women's curling club was organized in 1894 in Montreal. By 1900, most curling clubs had moved to indoor rinks. But as Jim Packham notes, the Ladies Curling Club of Olds, Alberta, was an exception.

The members are shown here ready to play outdoors in the winter of 1923–24, wearing long skirts for warmth and using mostly household-type brooms. Jim Packham's aunt, Mrs. Nettie Lennox Laundon, is standing in the back row, second from the left. The sense of community and friendship is apparent in the women's smiles. ❧

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied (please don't send priceless originals) and mail it to Album, c/o Canada's History, Bryce Hall, Main Floor, 515 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, MB R3B 2E9. Or email your submission to album@Canada'sHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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The Hudson's Bay Company is proud to announce the donation of \$80,000 to the Nanaimo Bastion located in the Harbour City of Nanaimo, BC. The restoration project has begun this summer, to bring the Bastion back to its original glory. Built in 1853, it served as a Hudson's Bay Company office, arsenal and store for the local coal mining community. Today, it has become a symbol of the Nanaimo community and a must see Tourist attraction on the British Columbia coast.



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